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DAMAGED GOODS.

'Twas Virtue ream'd along the shore—
An Indian shore all strewn with corals,
Weeping and wailing evermore,
For Vice had spoil'd her case of Morals.

For Madam Virtue, it appear'd,
Had started trade, being rather clever,
And got weak morals starch'd and clear'd,
And warranted more firm than ever.

But just that moment, in a case
That cost her many a month's attention,
That vixen Vice had put her face,
And damaged more than we may mention.

Near Friendship, pure as driven snow,
Vice placed, with feeling truly elfish,
Self-interest, Friendship's mortal foe,
And ours—for who can love what's selfish!

To Patriotism, bold and calm,
Austere as any Greek or Roman,
Vice gave an ever-itching palm,
A gift of sure disgrace the omen.

To Love, whose beauty reign'd supreme,
From glowing cheek to zone so taper,
She gave false Hope's betraying beam,
And Flattery roll'd in scented paper.

Nay e'en Integrity that stood,
And high-born Honour call'd his brother,
Changed sides, and cross'd the golden flood,
Whilst Honour starved upon the other.

In short, 'twas very clear to Sense,—
The sense that Virtue's famed for shewing,—
Such morals were a mere pretence;
But then they were the morals going.

Sigh'd Virtue, After all my pains,
'Twere hard to lay on an embargo;
So virtue look'd but at her gains,
And never shipp'd a larger cargo.

Postscript.

'Tis said, but strange things meet one's ears,
That Virtue, though she might seem tripping,
Was really blinded by her tears,
And did not see what she was shipping.

THE THREE WISHES.

FROM THE POLISH OF K. SIENKIEWICZ.

Could I o'er my mother's brow,
From my father's aged head,
See the white locks hanging now,
They by toil unwearied,

Happy—happy should I be!

Could the one beloved by me,
Gentle wife and mother blest,
Ever, still more tenderly
Gazing, henceforth be possessed,

Happier—happier should I be!

Could that wild prophetic dream,
Vanishing so oft, deplored,
More like truth than fancy seem,
Could my country be restored,

Happiest—happiest should I be!

Democratic Review.

G. H. H.

RAMBLING REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Scott brought pleasures with him into every party. His rich racy humour in telling stories, and giving anecdotes always on the spur of the moment, was delightful. He had an anecdote ready, a story to match—or "cap," as the Scotch call it—every one he heard; and that with most perfect ease and hearty good humour. His first publisher, Mr. Robert Miller, gave anecdotes very pleasantly, and one day after dinner he was telling us, that either he, or some friend, had been present at an assize court at Jedburgh, when a farmer's servant had summoned his master for non-payment of wages, which he (the servant) had justly forfeited through some misconduct. After a great deal of cross-questioning, "I'm sure, my lord," said the pursuer, "I'm seekin' nowt but what I've rowt for!" "Ay, my man," responded the judge, "but I'm thinking ye'll hae to rowt a wee longer afore ye'll get it through!" Scott was delighted, as we all were, with this courtly dialogue, and in his easy and unaffected manner, said, "Well, something of a similar nature occurred when a friend of mine was present at the justice court at Jedburgh. Two fellows had been taken up for sheep-stealing; there was a dense crowd, and we were listening with breathless at-

* The lowing of a cow is called rowting in Scotland.

tention to the evidence, when (from what reason I have forgotten) there was a dead pause, during which the judge, observing a rosy-cheeked, chubby-faced, country boy, who seemed to pay the utmost attention to what was going on, and continued to fix his eyes on his lordship's countenance, cried out to the callant. "Well, my man, what do you say to the cause?" "Eh, gosh!" answered the boy, "but that's a guid ane. What div I say! I whiles say poi hup, and whiles I say pui ho, to the caws"—meaning the calves, of course. But the "business" was quickly decided," continued the narrator, "for the whole court, judge and jury, were thrown into such convulsions of laughter that nothing more could be said or done."

As I have formerly stated, Scott could descend very easily and gracefully from the grave and serious to the most playful humour. A singular instance of this once occurred at a concert in Edinburgh, where I chanced to be. I, with a party of ladies, had taken my seat some time before the performance had begun, when I was surprised by the well-known and welcome sound of Mr. Scott's staff, as it struck the ground, and in a few seconds he stood behind me. The room was crowded almost to suffocation, and there was no seat for him. My first impulse (considering his lameness) was to start off my own, and offer it to him, as it was more painful to see him stand than to do so myself; but this offer from a lady, he, like a gallant knight as he truly was, peremptorily but politely declined; so there we stood bandying compliments, till, not to be outdone by him in kindness, I declared I would not sit down as long as he stood. Our seats were next to the wall, and in order to raise the back forms, the floor was somewhat elevated. On this, to my astonishment, Scott threw himself, exclaiming,

"Here I and sorrow sit—let kings come and bow to us!"

He spoke loud, and laughed heartily. All eyes were turned on us, and my position was rather an awkward one; for during my temporary absence from my seat, it had been occupied. Scott was still prostrate on the floor, and there being no appearance of anything in the shape of royalty in presence, I told him I greatly feared he would have rather a long sederunt, and that he had better rise, which he endeavoured to do; but in setting the staff firmly on the slanting floor, it unfortunately slipped from under him, and down again he fell! Some gentlemen seeing his perilous situation, now ran to the rescue. I made my escape from the field of action, and the concert began but after so many consecutive disasters, it was impossible to pay any attention. Scott had no ear nor taste for music whatever, which, in my opinion, accounts for the very frequent deficiency of his verses in point of rhythm. I remember on one occasion that he wished me to sing a particular air to him, the name of which he had forgotten, and that he tried to hum it over; but it was utterly impossible to make out what tune he meant by his tuneless attempts at singing it.

His own unique anecdotes and stories were interminable, and he had always a fresh one ready at call. My husband had a green parrot—a very great favourite—which he carried about on his hand like a hawk; indeed it often perched on his head, and dressed his hair, by turning the curls over its black horny bill. One morning Scott found Poll busy arranging my husband's hair as usual. Mr. Ballantyne told him some curious anecdotes of the bird, mentioning that as it sat on his fist as he was walking in the garden, he encountered old Geordie the gardener, who, staring with astonishment, asked him "What'n a beast that was?" "A beak!" replied Mr. Ballantyne; "it's a bird, man—a parrot." "Eh, sir, that canna' be a parrot; it's just a green crow!" responded Geordie. Scott laughed heartily at Poll's metamorphosis, and told us that he, or a friend of his, had a parrot, which, being allowed to wander about at pleasure in the grounds, used to come regularly at one o'clock in the forenoon (the hour at which the servants dined), and rapping with its bill at the kitchen window, would ask, "Is the petawtis ready?" with a strong Northumbrian burr, which Scott imitated to the life, having the same peculiarity himself, which made the joke still better. I have never known any one fonder of dumb creatures than Scott. He did not, as he says, look with contempt on "a conversable cat to share a mess of cream with him."

He once asked me if I had read "Marriage," a novel, by Miss Ferrier. I said I had not. "Not read Marriage!" said he; "read it. It my opinion it is the very best novel in existence. I was on the point of saying, 'What! better than the Antiquary!' but fortunately I corrected myself in time to substitute 'St Leon,' and so escaped Scott-free. Our relative positions were singular, and somewhat ludicrous; for I knew that he knew that I knew the whole secret from the beginning to the end, and yet it was a sealed subject—for ever locked up in the presence of each other. How this secret was so well, so long kept, is, and ever has been, to me a mystery. In a recent publication, a long list of titled persons has been given to whom the secret was known; but I could give a still longer list of persons in the secret who had no titles—individuals in humble life, who, by some means or other (probably through the press), became thoroughly initiated, and still it was never revealed. The author wrote many pages of these novels in my house. For many years before his death, my husband drove and rode a very noble milk-white hunter, called Old Mortality, which was so gentle and sagacious as to stop when he began to cough; and latterly being feeble and emaciated, and not able to ride far at a time, if he said to it, "My man, I think we must just go home again," the noble animal would turn round his fine arched neck, and walk quietly back. Scott was so pleased when he heard this anecdote, that after Mr. Ballantyne's death, he sent for Old Mortality, and gave him comfortable quarters for life at Abbotsford, where he died.

Mr. Creech, the bookseller (with whom Scott was intimately acquainted), was an admirable story-teller, but he required to be coaxed, or wound up, before he would begin. His story of the two old Highland or Heelant wives who got fou, quarrelled over their cups, and were brought before the justice for brawling, was inimitable. I have seen Scott cry at it. The randies, being taken before

the justice of peace, were desired to give an account of themselves in a distinct manner, and to say what was the cause of their quarrel. Neither of them could speak one word of English; at last, in some totally unintelligible, nasal, guttural gibberish, like the "unknown tongues," they commence the relation of their real or supposed grievances, proceeding from words to blows, pulling, and scratching, and tearing at each other, like Punch and Miss Polly, till at last, quite exhausted with laughter, and not comprehending one single syllable the ladies uttered, the judge ordered them to be forthwith turned out of court, and the doors barricaded after them. Useless precaution; "love laughs at locksmiths;" so did the ladies. The court-house was on the ground floor; the day was hot, the windows open; in came the pugnacious dames up to the "scratch" again as blithe as ever; and all that could be done was for the whole court to make their exit, and resign the field of battle to the belligerents. The story, from the droll manner in which it was told, threw Scott into convulsions of laughter, for he had a strong conception of the ridiculous, and was always delighted with anecdotes of that strain of feeling.

This gifted man, however, had little talent for epigram, as far as I am aware, though he admired and encouraged it in others; a trait in his character which is not much known apparently, as it has been mentioned by none of his biographers (Here the reader must excuse a little egotism). There lived many years ago in Kelso, a poor dyer, whose real name I never heard, being always distinguished by the cognomen of "Socrates;" for what reason I know not, unless it were that he had a vixen of a wife. One day my husband having told me that Socrates' wife was dead, I immediately went and penned the following

EPITAPH ON A DYER'S WIFE.

No more on earth she'll dye old duds,
Quoth Socrates, "'Tis well;
But greatly lauded be the gods,
That she has died herself."

This little impromptu gained more applause by half than it merited, for my husband immediately carried it to Scott, who was reading or writing (which he very frequently did) up stairs at the time; in a few seconds my ears were regaled by a burst of merriment, and I heard the "staff" beating double-quick time and very shortly afterwards my husband hurried down, and told me that Scott was delighted with Mrs Socrates' epitaph. "Tell her," said he, "that she who wrote that can do better things, and to try again."

I remember Leyden well; he visited us in Kelso in 1805. I do not think I ever saw him after that period. His face and figure are before me at this moment: his manner was rough and boisterous. I recollect an instance of it. My husband (then a very young man) was relating some humorous story to Leyden, who was, as usual, tilting his chair backwards and forwards, when, bursting out with his accustomed loud and vociferous exclamation, "But dash it, man!" he dashed suddenly backwards, lost his balance, and down came he and the chair sprawling on the floor. The furniture was shattered to atoms, but fortunately his own clever talented head escaped without damage.

My husband's humour (for he was no wit) was irresistibly droll. On one occasion, I remember, he threw a party into fits of laughter by telling them a particularly dull story, the object of course being to raise emotions of merriment by the manner in which he spoke, and the expectations he raised in the minds of his auditors. It was not so much what he said, as what he looked when telling a story; and, indeed, words were not always necessary; for a single glance of his bright expressive hazel eye was often sufficient to throw the company into ecstasies of mirth.

HENRY OF NAVARRE AND GAVARET.—1584.

BY MISS SKELTON.

Gavaret, a gentleman of Bordeaux, born a Huguenot, had been, at the time of which I write, lately secretly converted to Romanism. He was of a fanatical and melancholy disposition, and refused to enter publicly the church for which he forsook his old faith, until he felt that he had rendered himself worthy of her protection and favour by some signal act of devotion to her cause.

The chief support of the Protestant faith in France at this time was Henry of Navarre, and consequently the highest service that could be performed by one anxious to shew devotion to the opposing church would be the extinction of this great light of heresy; and to the effecting of this object did the mind of the melancholy Gavaret turn.

The Spanish court, by means of many emissaries, made constant attempts upon the life of Henry of Navarre, which, by God's grace, he, through his courage, his address, and his presence of mind (for these were gifts liberally bestowed upon this favourite of Heaven), was enabled ever to defeat and to elude.

The conversion of Gavaret had been wrought by a Spanish priest, who saw at once in this headlong fanatic a fitting instrument for the contrivance of these designs; and it required but little to convince the enthusiast that he was the weapon chosen for the striking of the decisive blow, which should rid the good cause of its most hated enemy. Accordingly Gavaret was privately invited to the court of Madrid, there to receive needful instructions and assistance. Not long did Gavaret linger in Madrid, he was too anxious to put his great design in execution, and his employers too careful to avoid any suspicion that might be incurred by the long harbouring of the Frenchman at their court, for either party to throw any obstacle in the way of the speedy arrangement of the necessary preliminaries.

Many a good counsel was bestowed by the ministers of Spain upon their emissary, though all through the medium of the priests, for the arch-plotters against kingly life were cautious in no way personally to involve themselves or their monarch in the deed that was supposed to have for its origin nothing but zeal for the true religion, unmingled with political motive.

But more substantial aids than those afforded by good counsels were bestowed upon Gavaret by his supporters—a safe pass back into Spain, a purse of broad golden pieces to procure disguises and arms, and last, not least, a valuable horse on which to effect his escape after the doing of the deed.

Gavaret, a soldier and a matchless rider, gazed with delight at the noble animal, whose perfect shape and symmetry told of strength and speed, as his obedience to nod and gesture did of careful training. The horse was a true Barb, black as jet, with dark glossy sides and shining mane, showing to great advantage in the full glare of the noonday sun which poured into the open court, where Gavaret first beheld this splendid gift from his supporters. It was small, as most of the Barbary horses are, but nothing could exceed its fine and graceful action—nothing could be more beautiful than the formation of the flat shoulders, the round chest, the broad square forehead, the muzzle short and fine, the ears small, the magnificent eye, prominent and brilliant, the veins so beautifully traced, through which might almost be seen the quick coursing of the fine, warm blood. In truth it was a glorious creature, and might have bribed a

better man than Gavaret to murder. Had incentive been necessary in the present instance, perhaps no better one could have been offered, for Gavaret was a "sworn horse-courser," a perfect rider, and an enthusiastic admirer of this noble animal.

Gavaret, with deep thankfulness, took the rein of his new acquisition, and led it from the spot; he engaged a trusty groom to accompany him with it beyond the Spanish borders. But he and the groom rode hacks, the fine horse was carefully led, until on French ground he dismissed his companion and the inferior steeds, and mounting the Barb, rode to King Henry's court.

King Henry's little court was held at that time at Pau, in the neighbourhood of which place he amused himself, when not engaged in the sterner pursuits of war, by hawking and coursing. The river was deep and rapid, and the grounds beside it in some parts were low and marshy, affording good opportunities for the sport he loved the best—the noble sport of hawking. Here came the lordly heron, sailing with broad flight across the marshy grounds and smooth standing pools—now sinking low upon motionless wing, looking for the prey he sought,—now, with swifter movement, darting downwards on the espied victim,—now standing in solitary pride upon some dark grey stone, or on the root of some old tree beside the river or the pools,—now rising, in all his majesty of course, far, far into the deep blue sky. Amid the trees the wood-pigeon and the turtle-dove built their nests—the hoarse cry of the bittern from the thick reeds was often heard;—in the late autumn days, when the cold weather had set in further north, the snipe and woodcock were plentiful amid the swamps; and as the winter hardened, the wild duck would come screaming to its reedy refuge,—the grey goose would fly heavily above the head of the watchful fowler—the mighty wild swan, so rare and shy in its appearance, would sail in silence by. Nor was there lack of other game. The partridges of France are plentiful amid her wide fields of corn; the great bustard sometimes came from the farther hills—the ruff and reeve were not unfrequent visitors; and in summer fat quails would seek from the hot shores of Africa the more moderate climate here afforded them.

Henry of Navarre delighted much, as has been said, in falconry, and he had many a noble cast of hawks. He was choice and nice, to the highest degree, in his various flights of these birds, in their falconers and keepers, and in the dogs, that made the sport complete. He had the beautiful ger-falcon, from Norway or from Denmark; the lanner, from the Swiss mountains; the English merlin, the saker, and the goss-hawk; the latter so useful in the pursuits of smaller game. These were trained each to her peculiar vocation—some to strike the heron, some to pounce upon the wild goose or the swan; the falcon for the raven or the bold kite, the goss-hawk for the partridge. Some were trained to fly at the fur—that is to say, to bind hares and running game; some to aid their masters in the chase of larger animals, by fixing on the head of the wolf or wild boar in pursuit, and thence tearing forth the eyes. But all the birds King Henry owned were of price and beauty, and all, in point of training, were, as the true hawking phrase goes, "fit for the fray."

Well, Gavaret, when he joined the court at Pau, found that King Henry was out on a hawking party, but thinly attended; and thinking no time fitter for the object he had in view than the present one, he did but pause for a scant half-hour's rest, then rode forth to seek him. It was a glorious day; and, long ere Gavaret found those he sought, he could hear borne upon the singing wind the clear musical voice of the monarch, the sharp sudden bark of the attendant spaniels, the shrill cry of the quarry, the deep tones of the falconer, calling back his bird, the shout that announced the finding of the game, the shout that announced its fall. Gavaret, as he passed along at an easy canter, could see, through the openings of the trees, the figures of the sportsmen at their sport. It was, as I have said, a glorious day, and the sun shone with unbroken lustre on the gay forms of the handsome Henry and his companions. Henry, always so handsome and so gallant, looked doubly so now, with the excitement and the flush of the chase glowing upon his fine upturned countenance, and lighting up the large piercing eyes with an increased fire and animation; his dress was calculated to shew off to great advantage the beauty of his shape; and his graceful horsemanship, his hat flung back from his brow, was decorated with a long waving ostrich plume—a plume as white as snow; the diamond that clasped the feather, which danced so gaily in the wind, was, in those broad day-beams, a second sun; the golden spurs upon his heel, the golden hilt of his sword, the silver on the pistols in his holster, the silver on his studded bridle, flashed as he moved in the light that was poured from that unclouded heaven.

Nor must we omit to say how gallantly went the sport watched so eagerly by the king. Just as Gavaret came in sight the quarry, a noble heron, was rising into the air, and the ger-falcon, borne by Henry, was loosened from its jesses, and cast off on the pursuit. The ger-falcon was a splendid bird, sent as a present to the King of Navarre, by Elizabeth of England, and brought with others of the breed by her command, from Norway. It was of great size; and the spread of its sails, or wings, was of extraordinary width, its plumage was beautiful, a snow-white throat, wings of snowy whiteness, crossed with bars of brown, shaded from light to dark, a tail of the same rich contrast, her pendent feathers pure and unspotted, her ruffled mails, or breast feathers, of downy softness, her clear large eye was of a dark deep blue, her bill of the same colour. With those eyes, meeting the dazzling sunlight, and with her strong claws knotted, ready to strike, up she rushed against the wind, the fairest falcon that ever rose in flight.

Gavaret, pausing for a moment, watched the chase. The heron, proud and stately, swept forth across the river; the falcon rose far above it; and descending rapidly, drove it back to the side of the stream it had attempted to quit. The heron, turning on his back, awaited the attack of his enemy. The falcon, stooping gallantly, struck with claws and beak at the heron; the latter, shooting forth its long sharp bill, attempted to inflict a wound that would have been death. But the falcon was too wary—she eluded the well-aimed blow—and rising for a space, again descended to the attack. The heron shrieks with fear and rage—the falcon answers with her hoarse cry of triumph. Both are gallant birds—both fight bravely. But for one, there is no hope; that stately heron shall never soar again above that rolling river and those shining pools—those wild efforts for life and freedom are his last—that melancholy scream shall never sound again. Down, down they come—the conqueror and the conquered—the triumphant falcon—the dying heron. Down they come, blood falling from the victim in his descent, crashing through the branches of the trees they come, until, prone upon the ground, the heron flutters in its last agony, while the proud victor, with talons deep in the quivering body of the pelt, begins pluming at the neck. King Henry himself reclaims the falcon; the assistants take from the scarce breathless body the heart and liver, and with these the king rewards his bird; then, replacing the embossed hood upon her head, and the silken jesses to her feet, he takes her again on his wrist, the silver bells attached to her leathern benits tinkling with their sweet music,—music whose soft chiming reached the ears of Gavaret.

"And must I then," said Gavaret, as he gazed upon this bright scene and

on this gallant prince—"must I then slay one so beautiful, so young, so careless, so happy?"

But the momentary relenting soon passed away; and Gavaret, with a look of deep devotion, raising his eyes and his right hand towards heaven, and murmuring a few words of prayer or deprecation, touched lightly the bright neck of his barb, and advanced towards the king.

King Henry was a man of sharp discernment; and he had observed the absence of Gavaret from the camp during the last week; he now observed him approaching on a strange steed, one, too, that his knowledge of horseflesh told him at once was a Spanish Barb. And for some time had Gavaret been suspected of a leaning towards the old faith. And Henry did not fail to mark the crimson flush gathering on his brow, then fading suddenly to ashy whiteness—he did not fail to mark how fully armed he rode, with sword and dagger in his belt and pistols in his holsters.

Gavaret, advancing, bowed low before the king, uncovering the dark curls that clustered round his head. The king welcomed him with a gracious nod and word of greeting; then, watching narrowly every movement of Gavaret, and without giving him time to make any further approach towards himself, he sprang from his saddle, and hastily moving towards him, laid his hand upon his rein, and said, in loud cheerful tones—

"Ha, Gavaret! a fine horse—as good a steed as ever man bestrode. Where gottest thou this jewel? Ha! man, dismount—dismount. I must try his paces. Make haste—make haste! I burn with impatience to back so fair a Barb. True Spanish, eh?"

And as he spoke, he took the bridle from the hand of Gavaret, and by every possible means urged and aided him to dismount.

Gavaret, bewildered by the impetuosity of the king's manner, unable to act offensively, so closely was he pressed and watched, could do nothing but comply, and quitting the saddle, he held the stirrup, while Henry mounted.

Then, quick as thought, the king forced the horse forwards for a few paces, then, as suddenly checking him, he wheeled him round, and faced the pale assassin. Drawing the pistols from the holster, one by one, he discharged them, and one by one, flung them far from him, into the deep rolling river. The pale assassin started where he stood, but made no effort for flight. The king laughed scornfully.

"Here, take thy steed—worthy a better master;" and, springing from the saddle, he flung Gavaret the rein. "Take thy steed, and go upon thy way; but never let me see thy face again. Say nothing, Gavaret; full well I know those pistols were loaded for a lofty aim: and this noble steed was not given thee for nought. Go, I say—begone! Linger no longer, lest I am tempted to punish thee as a traitor should be punished!"

And the king, waving his arm proudly, gathered his attendants round him, and rode from the spot. And that baffled murderer, struck with a painful conviction that the enterprise, so miraculously crossed, must be displeasing to the Heaven he thought to serve, turned his steed in silence from that place of sunshine and of royal grace, and riding for the nearest wood, soon became lost to view, amid forests as dark and gloomy as were the depths of his own heart—as was the imagination of the deed he had come to do.

THE FEMALE AMANUENSIS.

FROM "THE WIDOW'S ALMSHOUSE," BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS, &c."

"Virginia, my dear," said an aged, retired army officer, to a fair girl, his only child, "lay aside your book, for you must be tired of reading to me."

"Not if it amuses you, dear papa; you know I have been so much used to it, that I am not easily fatigued. The book, too, is so interesting, that I long to finish it, and learn the fate of the hero and heroine."

"You are a good girl, Virginia, and were it not for you, I know not what I should do. My wounded leg keeps me a close prisoner, and my eyes, shrouded in Egyptian darkness by that cruel ophthalmia, are useless to me."

"How grateful ought I to be then to my poor lost mother, who gave me such a taste for reading, that the duty of amusing you is not a task but a pleasure."

"A pleasure that you must not indulge in to the injury of your health, my child. You are as fair and delicate as your mother, who I fear shortened her earthly career by confining herself to the unwholesome air of a sick room, anticipating every wish, and supplying every want, of her helpless husband. You must take some exercise, child, and be more in the fresh air."

"Indeed I am very well, papa, and I cannot go out and leave you alone," said Virginia, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing his cheek, imbrowned by the sun of Egypt.

"I am never alone, dearest; one is always with me—one whom, were it not for quitting thee and leaving thee to the mercies of a cruel world, I would gladly join, never more to part from her; but go, my child, go and enjoy in the fields about us the pure fresh air of heaven. There, wipe away those tears that I feel falling on my face, and return to me cheerful and happy."

"Well, I will go, papa, since you wish it. There, I have thrown open the window, that you may hear the birds sing, to amuse you while I am gone. I shall not be absent long."

"Nay, hurry not on my account; my thoughts will amuse me, for I will think of you, and all your kindnesses to your father; besides, my young friend, Philip Darnton, promised to see me soon, and I think it not improbable he may perform his promise to-day."

"I hope he may, papa, for Mr. Darnton is so cheerful and amusing in his conversation, that he always leaves you happier than he found you. I think he will come, for he has but little business to attend to."

"I wish he had more, Virginia; but a young barrister cannot command briefs and consultations; he must wait until experience and opportunity ensure him success. I heartily hope that some opportunity may occur ere long to our friend Darnton, of showing to the world that he has abilities of no common order. It would ensure him business, and it is of great consequence to him that he should be employed; for his means, I fear, are very small."

"But you know, papa, that he told us he was turning his attention to literature, and had written a paper for one of the periodicals, which had been accepted."

"Literary employment, my child, is very well as an adjunct, but too precarious for a sole dependency. None but those who live by their talents for writing, especially works of fiction, can form the slightest notion of the wear and tear of the brain, when it is called upon constantly and regularly to supply subjects for the pages of a novel, or the sketchy articles of a periodical."

"But then consider, my dear papa, the fame that he will gain, and the introductions into high society that will follow!" said Virginia, with sparkling eyes and in an exulting tone.

"Child, child, you know not what you are saying. If Darnton were a man of fortune or of high birth, a reputation as a clever author might give him an

additional step in the ladder of society; but rely upon it that the man who writes for a subsistence, is rarely courted, out of his own set. Fame is all very well when it ensures a publisher's cheque, and enables the man who gains it to appear and live as a gentleman. But begone, or we shall waste the day in talking."

Virginia's eyes ceased to sparkle; her face bore an air of despondency as she turned and left the room. With a slow step she passed through the village of Hornsey, where her father had hired a small cottage suited to his small income; for he had but his half-pay and a pension for his wounds.

She had not been gone above a quarter of an hour, during which the nearly sightless soldier was employed in calling down the blessings of God upon his affectionate child, when the little garden-gate was opened, and the girl who waited on the family showed Philip Darnton into the sitting-room, without announcing him—for he was the only visiter of her master, and she thought it a superfluous trouble.

Philip was rather a good-looking man, but his eyes appeared too brilliant for his pale cheeks. His long, wavy, auburn hair, of which in truth he was rather proud, fell on each side of a high forehead, already wrinkled by much thought and deep study. His figure was slight and rather tall, but quite symmetrical. His dress was plain, but in very good taste. His dark-olive frock-coat fitted him neatly; a pair of gray trousers were confined to a well-made boot; his summer waistcoat was not bedizened with chains and seals, and a plain black-silk handkerchief was artlessly but neatly tied round his neck. No enormous shirt-pins or gingerbread studs disfigured his neatly-plaited front. In short, Philip Darnton was a gentleman, and dressed "as such."

"Good morning, Captain Emmerson, good morning," said Darnton, cheerfully—indeed more so than usual.

"Glad to see you—I was going to say—glad you are come to see me," replied the captain, extending his hand, which the young man took affectionately, and retained in his own. "I am alone, and shall be glad to have a chat with you. Virginia is gone for a walk, for I fear for her health. She is very delicate, very. I cannot lose her, Darnton; she is my sole hope and dependence in this world. She is a good child—an exemplary daughter."

"She is indeed, sir," said Philip, energetically, and pressing the hand which he held. "So good a daughter cannot fail to make a most excellent wife."

"Wife! my young friend! Virginia will never quit her father while he lives; and when he is gone, who would marry a girl dowerless—except as to her virtues?"

"Marry! I—that is, my dear sir," replied Philip, stammering, "I—would gladly make her mine. I have long wished to speak to you on the subject which you have so opportunely introduced. Ever since I have known Miss Emmerson—"

"Almost three months!" said the captain, ironically.

"—I have admired her. Her beauty first attracted my attention; her virtues and her filial piety have won my heart. I love her, sir; and if, as you say, you are under an obligation to me—though I think but little of the service I rendered you—discharge the obligation by allowing me to express my feelings to your daughter, and to hope for your approval if I find those feelings reciprocated."

"Young man," said the captain, "I esteem you highly; nor do I know any one on whom I would so readily bestow my child's hand, if her heart was yours. I believe you to be possessed of high principles. I know that you are talented and persevering. You saved my life by stopping the horses of a carriage, which would have run over me as I crossed the road. You have been kind and attentive to me since. Though my eyes are nearly sightless, my other faculties are quickened. My ears are good, and the tones of your voice, when speaking to my child, almost convinced me of what I am now sorry to hear you confess."

"Sorry, sir! why?"

"Because I am compelled to reject your suit."

"In what have I offended, sir?" said Philip, sorrowfully.

"Offended! in nothing; but it would be making you an ungrateful return for the favours you have conferred upon me, were I to permit you, whose sole dependence is on your professional success, to cramp your energies, and waste your valuable time, in paying attentions to one who, when I am gone, and something whispers to me that time is near at hand, will be penniless."

"My profession, the law, sir, is not my only means of support. I have tried literature, and I have been successful. You cannot see, sir, but you can feel; here is a cheque, for an article in the ——. I am engaged as a constant contributor on liberal terms. I am also engaged on a novel, and I feel I shall succeed. I know I shall make a hit, for I feel that the power of pleasing the public is in me. I shall be able to make more than enough by my pen to support a wife—ay, and a family."

When Philip Darnton had uttered these words rapidly and energetically, Captain Emmerson shook his head. He smiled, however, and the young man was encouraged to proceed. He argued his case so cleverly, and drew so affecting a picture of the difficulties that would environ Virginia if her father were to die and leave her without protection, that the old soldier shed tears, and at last consented that Philip should disclose his love to the young lady, and if she allowed their feelings and wishes to be mutual, that he should wed her as soon as he could prove that he earned enough to support her in comfort.

Virginia in the mean while had left the village of Hornsey, and wandered about in the lanes and fields around. She had been cutting some wild-roses and other flowers, to give that cheerful look to their humble dwelling, which flowers never fail to impart. Some people will tell you that no one can do two things at the same time; but Virginia could have proved the falsehood of their assertion, by assuring them that she was plucking roses and honeysuckles and thinking of Philip Darnton, and that the one employment did not interfere with the other.

To say that she loved Philip, might be saying too much; but she was pleased with his manners, admired his talents, and certainly preferred him to any man whom she had seen.

Previously to her father's return from Egypt, she had mixed much in society with her mother, and had had several young men about her, who paid her such attentions as justified her in imagining they sought her hand; but she had seen no one who, in her opinion, could gain her love, and retain her affections, so readily and so lastingly as Philip Darnton.

But her father—would he consent to her leaving him? or if he did consent, could she make up her mind to leave him, sightless and crippled, to the care of mercenaries? No. Virginia sighed as she answered her own thoughts. She would forget Philip, and devote herself entirely to her father. But was it not possible to marry Philip and not leave her father? Could not they live with him, or he with them? It was possible; indeed it was a very good arrangement, for he would have more society, and be more cheerful and happy. But

did Philip love her? She did not doubt it, though he had "never told his love." Would he ask her to marry him—her who was, or rather would be, portionless. To marry him who had not the means of supporting her?

Virginia was saved the pain of trying to solve this difficult problem, by an occurrence that changed her doubts of Philip's wish to unite his fate to hers, to fears for her personal safety.

She had wandered from the lanes and fields into the high-road that leads to London. She heard steps approaching her, and on raising her eyes from the bouquet she had gathered, saw two sturdy beggars, dressed as sailors, coming up close behind her. She turned suddenly round, and walked hastily by them towards her home. They followed her soliciting alms, and telling the usual lies of being "poor Jack Tars who had been cast away and lost their all."

She assured them that she had nothing with her to relieve their wants, and hurried on as fast as she could. They followed her, increasing their speed as she increased hers, but offered her no insult until they reached the gate of a field which stood open. She felt herself suddenly seized by both her arms and forced into the field. She screamed as loudly as she could, but one of the ruffians placed his hand over her mouth, while the other proceeded to search for her pockets.

She felt faint and ill, but making a sudden exertion, threw the men from her, and rushed back towards the gate, screaming more loudly than before. She fled swiftly, for fear aided her flight; but just as she reached the gate, she was overtaken and thrown to the ground.

The villains finding that she had no money about her, proceeded to strip off her clothes, and had deprived her of her shawl and bonnet, when she heard a footstep on the hard road. She shrieked murder! and one of the ruffians raised his hand to strike her in the face, but before his blow fell, he was laid on the ground at her side, and the blood gushed from his nose in torrents. The other fellow, seeing a young man about to treat him in the same manner as he had treated his companion, avoided the stick which was aimed at his head and ran off.

Philip Darnton—for it was he—allowed the other ruffian to follow after he had given him a sound thrashing, and did all he could to calm the agitation of Virginia before he restored her to her father's arms.

They had to walk but one little mile, but they were nearly an hour in accomplishing the distance. What delayed them the reader must imagine. It will be enough to say, that when they arrived at the cottage, Virginia threw herself on her father's neck, and told him of the insults to which she had been subjected, and how Philip Darnton had rescued her from the hands of her persecutors.

"You have placed me under another obligation, Philip," said the captain. "How can we repay him, my child?"

"By giving me the right to be her protector for the future," replied Philip.

"And what says my girl to that?"

Virginia whispered a few words into her father's ear.

"Take her, Philip, she is yours," said the old soldier, "and may heaven bless you both."

Six months had passed after the interview we have just recorded. Philip Darnton's novel had been finished and published, in spite of the many hours he had spent in his visits to Hornsey. Its success was great, and he not only received the congratulations of those friends who were in his secret—for he had published anonymously—but a present from his publisher, and a request that every future work which he undertook should be offered to him.

Need I say that the successful author hastened as quickly as he could to Hornsey, to communicate the happy tidings to his loved one and her father? Need I add that Virginia shed tears of joy as she fell upon his neck, and that the sightless soldier pressed affectionately the joined hands that were placed in his.

"God be thanked—God be thanked, my young friend!" said the old man, fervently; "had you failed it would have broken my heart, for my child loves you, Philip, with all the strength of a virgin affection, and had you not succeeded it would have been my painful duty to have crushed her young hopes."

"But now, dear sir, that the experiment has succeeded—succeeded beyond my warmest expectations—you will not oppose our union longer? I know that by my pen I can support your daughter in comfort, and trust that professional employment will shortly enable me to do so in luxury."

"I will offer no further opposition to your marriage, Philip. Consult with my child, and on the day she fixes she shall be yours, but upon one condition."

"Name it," said Philip.

"That you live with me in my humble cottage for the few months that remain to me on earth. I cannot part from my child until I am summoned from her by him who gave me such a blessing."

"Father, dear father, we will never leave you," said Virginia, quitting Philip's arm, and throwing herself on the old man's neck, "we never dreamed of leaving you. But do not speak in so melancholy a tone, or you will turn our happiness into misery."

"Many years, I trust," said Philip, "will see us living cheerfully and happily together."

"Philip Darnton, my son—for so henceforth will I call you—the hand of death is already upon me: although his grasp be but feeble as yet, he will not relax it. Daily shall I feel it grow stronger, closing upon me with a harder grip. I do not wish to throw it off, for my infirmities render life scarcely desirable; yet life without this dear child would be a blank, and the short span that remains to me must be passed with her to cheer and comfort me."

As the aged sufferer spoke these words slowly but firmly, he turned his sightless eyeballs to Heaven, and the tears fell from them on the hands of Philip and Virginia, as they pressed his within their own. They gazed at him silently and sorrowfully, for the words carried a conviction to their hearts that he had spoken truly.

"Go, my children, go, leave me for a time. My feelings have overpowered me. Let me commune with mine own heart in private, and when you return to me you shall find me cheerful and resigned."

He dropped their hands when he had spoken these words, and Philip led Virginia from the room.

During their short absence, every thing was arranged between them, and the following Monday was fixed upon for the wedding. This was communicated to the captain, whom they found, as he had assured them they should find him, cheerful and happy. Never more from that time until the day of his death did he allow a murmur or even a sigh to escape him, to cast a cloud on the happiness of his children.

Philip Darnton had no friends to consult on the subject of his marriage. He was a natural son of an eminent solicitor, who gave him an excellent education, and would have provided for him amply in his will, had he not had an insuperable objection to making one. He, however, was among the number of those who cannot believe, with the late Dr. Kitchener, that there is "a pleasure in

making a will." He thought that there was time enough for that when he became old and sickly, and that if he did it in full health and strength, he should be signing his own death-warrant. The consequence was that he neglected doing so until it was too late.

He was walking, apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, in the garden of his country-house, and giving directions to his gardener, when he was seized with an attack of apoplexy, and never spoke afterwards.

His brother, who succeeded to his property, was an avaricious man, and had always abused him for wasting his money on the education and support of a child who had no legal claim upon him. He gave Philip, however, a note of £100 value, and told him that that was all he could do for him.

As there were no friends to be consulted, and no lawyers to be employed in making settlements and fixing the amount of pin-money, the ceremony was not delayed. A licence was procured, and the parson of Hornsey united as happy and as cheerful a pair as ever entered the walls of its pretty little church.

Mr. and Mrs. Darnton did not pass the honeymoon at a watering-place, or in an elegant and retired mansion lent to them by some kind friend or relation; but, as our forefathers used to do of old, returned to their own home, and after spending a pleasant evening at their own fireside, sought their happiness under their own roof.

Swiftly and pleasantly flew the hours, to all the occupants of the little cottage at Hornsey. Philip went daily to his chambers after an early breakfast, and having passed the morning in literary pursuits, and in reading up a certain quantity, he returned home to a late dinner. After dinner, a little pleasant chat over the wine, and the last new book read aloud over the tea-table, whiled away the hours until midnight warned them to seek repose.

This sort of life might have become monotonous and dull after a time, had it not been occasionally relieved by the visits of some literary men, who had sought for and obtained the friendship of Philip Darnton. They walked over with him and shared his frugal meal, for he did not feel inclined or justified in giving what is vulgarly called "a regular spread." He thought, and was right in thinking, that if his friends visited him for the sake of his society, they would not require three courses, and an extravagant dessert, to make his society more agreeable, and that they could drink to his health and future success in a glass of good port or sherry, with as much satisfaction as in a goblet of expensive claret or champagne.

He, of course, received in return, invitations to the houses of his friends, but he rarely accepted them, as he did not wish to go out without his wife, and Virginia did not feel willing to leave her father to his own unamused thoughts.

It was necessary, however, to keep all invitations concealed from the captain who was not at all a selfish person, and would have insisted on their being accepted, for he thought that the more his son-in-law went into society, the more his talents and high moral character would be appreciated, and the more his daughter would be delighted by seeing the admiration and esteem which her husband could not fail of obtaining.

Among several invitations that were sent to the cottage, and carefully concealed from the old soldier, was one which Philip could not refuse. It came from one of the first literary men of the day, at whose table it was a very high honour to obtain a seat. He was unknown, except by fame, to Philip Darnton, but the note was expressed in a manner so kind and complimentary, that he was flattered and charmed by it, and resolved to accept the invitation, although Mrs. Darnton was not included in it.

He left her therefore with her father, and for the first time since their marriage, determined upon sleeping at his chambers, instead of returning home at night, as he justly anticipated that they might sit unusually late for him.

The captain jokingly warned him not to be intoxicated with wit or wine, but to keep sober, and to store up in his memory all the good things that he should hear, and thus be able to repeat them for their amusement.

Philip went to Brompton, and found his new friend located in a pretty little villa, hidden from the road by a thick plantation of trees and shrubs. He was cordially welcomed, and introduced to four gentlemen, strangers to him, but whose names were familiar to his ear as being "the staff" of one of the best periodicals of the day, which was under the direction of their host.

Within a few minutes of his arrival dinner was announced, and he found himself seated at a circular table well covered with "all the delicacies of the season." As soon as the covers were removed, the servants retired, and did not appear again until a signal was given them, by means of a small hand-bell. Their attendance was rendered unnecessary except to change the courses, by a dumb-waiter, containing wines, sauces, and every thing that could be required, being placed within reach of the chairs. Thus the guests could help themselves and converse without restraint, and without the good things that were let out over the good things that were taken in, being repeated and commented upon in the regions below.

The sparkling wine, and the more sparkling wit, the poignant jest, and the ready repartee, flew around the board. Philip was too much pleased to talk. He listened eagerly, and his twinkling eyes and hearty laugh delighted the talkers. His evident relish of their jokes and puns stimulated them to exert themselves the more, and never, probably, had the round table in the little villa at Brompton, been more cheerfully and happily surrounded.

When the cloth was removed, and the olives and wine placed on the table—for the epicurean host never allowed fruits and sweets to spoil the flavour of his pure Lafitte—the fun grew faster and more furious. Extemporary verses were recited, songs sung, conundrums—classical and commonplace—invented and answered, or "given up," and answered by the inventors themselves; anecdotes were told; adventures related; new books criticised, and their authors "cut up," or praised as they deserved: plays, players, and periodicals were disposed of in short but pithy sentences, and publishers praised or blamed as they encouraged or crushed talent.

Philip, as I have said, was too much pleased at hearing others talk to be a talker himself; but his host, who, among his other talents, possessed a wondrous facility for "bringing out" his guests, gradually drew him into conversation, at first with himself, and then with the company generally.

When he saw that his shyness was removed, and that he was sufficiently excited by the wine which he had drunk, he proposed his health, as the successful author of the last new novel.

The toast was received and drank in a way highly gratifying to the feelings of a young debutant on the stage of letters, and Philip, much to his own surprise, made a most excellent speech in return, which was listened to and applauded by his admiring friends.

The ice once broken, Darnton plunged over head and ears into the stream of fun, and ere the evening closed, had said many a good thing, which was considered "worth booking" by the old stagers around him.

Ere he quitted the party, which was not done until the timepiece pointed to

the morning hours, he had received invitations from every one present; but the most gratifying of all was from the Great Lion himself, who told him, in a tone the sincerity of which could not be mistaken, to visit him in, whenever he wanted an adviser or a friend.

When Philip reached his chambers, he was not intoxicated with excess of wine, though he had drunk freely, but he was so much excited by all he had heard and done, that he could not sleep. He fell, it is true, into short dreamy slumbers, from which he was roused by the imaginary voices and the fancied peals of laughter of his companions of the night.

With the first gleam of dawn he awoke feverish and unrefreshed, and resolved to cool his heated body, and calm his excited mind, by walking home to breakfast.

As he walked across the fields—for there were fields, and not merely brick-fields, in those days, between London and Hornsey—he endeavoured to recall to his mind some of the witticisms, puns, and stories, which he had listened to the night before, in order to be able to repeat them to Virginia and her father. How they would smile at some sly hit!—how they would laugh at some well-timed jest!—how they would fairly roar at some exceedingly shocking bad pun and be puzzled at some deeply-seated point of a riddle! Philip laughed as he thought of the laughter he should excite in them. Long before he had reached his home, by the exercise he had taken, and the thoughts he had indulged in, his body and mind were refreshed and exhilarated.

With brilliant eye and smiling face he reached the garden-gate. Two or three active springs cleared the gravelled path; his hand was on the latch, and he was about to open the door, when the unusual appearance of the cottage struck him. Surely it was not so very early in the morning, and yet the shutters were closed on the lower windows, and the blinds of the upper ones drawn closely down. He looked at his watch, but he had forgotten to wind it up, and could not ascertain the hour. The sun was up high in the heavens, and the shadows thrown by the trees were much shortened on the ground. He thought it must be long past the time when the family, early in their habits, usually arose. The church clock struck, and when Philip had counted eight distinct notes of its musical bell, he felt a conviction within him that all was not well within.

With trembling hand he turned the handle of the lock, and opened the door. He searched the parlours and back premises to find the servant, but she was nowhere to be found. He crept stealthily up stairs and gently opened his bedroom door. The room was unoccupied, but the bed had evidently been tenanted. His heart told him that he must seek his wife in the apartment of her father, and that that father—the wounded, sightless warrior—was either dead or dying.

He stole to the door and listened. Sobs, deep and convulsive, reached his ear, mingled with the subdued tones of a manly, sonorous voice; but the voice was the voice of a stranger. He opened the door, and saw the old man lying in the long sleep of death. By his side knelt his daughter, sobbing as if her heart would break, and over her stood the clergyman of Hornsey, pouring into her unheeding ear such words of consolation as his sacred office and kind heart suggested to him.

Philip knelt down by Virginia's side, and took her hand in his. She knew who was beside her, although she looked not at him; but pointing at the corpse before her, she shrieked, "He is dead," and fell fainting into her husband's arms.

Philip, with the assistance of the clergyman, conveyed her to her room, and left her to the care of the maid, who had returned from seeking a messenger to send to him at his chambers, and apprise him of what had taken place.

Philip afterwards learned that Virginia, on rising in the morning, had gone into her father's room, as was her custom, and found him a corpse. He must have died soon after he retired to bed, for the body was stiff and cold. Still she would not believe that he was dead, but sent the maid, whom her screams had summoned to the room, for the doctor. He was from home, and the poor girl, not daring to return without some one to aid and assist them, wisely called up the clergyman, who readily yielded to her wishes, and accompanied her, to comfort and cheer the mourner.

After the remains of Captain Emmerson had been deposited in the churchyard of Hornsey, and a small tablet erected to his memory, the Darntons, who could not remain in a scene where every thing reminded them of their loss, left the cottage, and went to reside in a small house in the neighbourhood of Russell-square.

Philip still retained his chambers in the Temple, and passed his mornings there, hoping that a brief might find its way there, and working hard with his pen. He would gladly have laid aside the "gray goose quill" for a time, for he was not in the humour to invent amusement for the public, in the grief and sorrow of his heart; but stern necessity bade him not to hold his hand. The expenses of the funeral, the removal from Hornsey, and the furnishing of the new house, had nearly exhausted his resources, and he was obliged to work to provide his daily bread.

As to a brief, Philip was not lucky enough to gain one. He had no personal friend among the solicitors, and though his name was already divulged, as the clever author of the last new novel, and of a series of brilliant articles in the *Review*, somehow or another the lawyers thought that a man who was so very much engaged in literary pursuits, was not calculated to work up the dry details of a chancery case. They shook their heads mysteriously if any body suggested that he was a rising man, but never gave him an opportunity of rising even to make a half-guinea motion.

Philip hoped and hoped until his heart grew sick of hoping, and about twelve months after leaving Hornsey, he felt disgusted with his profession, gave up his chambers, and all thoughts of succeeding at the bar. He made up his mind to devote himself entirely to literature, and removed his books and desk to his little study at home.

Virginia was pleased at this change in his mode of life, as she had much more of his company than she had when he went daily to his chambers. She would slip quietly into his study with her work, and sit down by his side for hours, without speaking unless he addressed her. By degrees she became useful to him, by saving him the trouble of consulting books of reference, and copying out in her own clear hand his almost illegible MS., and at last taught herself how to correct the proof sheets that were sent to him by the printer.

By a steady perseverance in this mode of life for nearly two years, during which period they saw but little company, the Darntons found themselves the possessors of a few hundred pounds, and Philip resolved to have a little relaxation from labour, by taking a tour on the continent. The day was fixed for their departure, and they were anticipating a very agreeable trip, when their arrangements were suddenly set aside by an unexpected, but far from disagreeable event.

Philip received a note by the post from his friend at Brompton, of whom he

had seen but little since the death of his father-in-law, in which he begged him to meet him at the house of a publisher in the far west of London, but to mention the appointment to no one. Philip went, and was agreeably surprised by a very handsome offer, if he would, anonymously and preserving the strictest secrecy, take the sub-editorship of a journal which was about to be established by the publisher under the editorship of his Brompton friend, who was not to appear in the business, but to transact every thing through the medium of his sub editor, whose person was not as yet generally known.

This offer was too liberal and too agreeable to be refused. He entered upon this office with zeal and discretion. The journal came out, and caused "a sensation," as it is called. The articles were so clever, and so very "spicy," the knowledge displayed of aristocratic sayings and movements so accurate, that it soon became very popular, and remunerated the spirited publisher for his liberal outlay of capital.

But "who writes for the —?" was the question in the mouth of every one. No one knew, yet every body had a shrewd guess that it was A. B. C., or X. Y. Z. "He knew it was his style. There could not be a doubt about it; besides, was he not seen coming out of the publisher's house, with a cloak on, late one evening? and did not he visit the countess whose little indiscretion had been so funnily but so severely exposed?"

The secret, however, was admirably preserved. Philip was proposed, by a third party, as a member of a club to which his Brompton friend belonged, and where he was introduced to him in due form, as to a perfect stranger. The club were not surprised that the lion should cultivate the friendship of a young and successful author, and while they were supposed to be laughing and talking, over their little table, about things in general, the particular business of the journal was transacted. Papers were exchanged, hints given and received in a few minutes, and then the conspirators against the sober looks and long faces of the public joined in the general conversation and fun of the smoking-room or supper-table.

Virginia, like most married ladies, was not very well pleased at her husband's joining a club. It kept him out late at night, and she was not quite certain of what was done there; still she could not complain when Philip told her that he merely used the club house as a sort of house of call for literary men, and that much of his literary employment was arranged therein. This he told her without disclosing to her the nature of the employment upon which he was engaged. As she accompanied him out to various parties, for their acquaintances were gradually becoming more numerous, she could hardly complain that he should be dropped at his club on their way home, just for ten minutes, though those ten minutes were sometimes very, very long ones.

This, perhaps, was the most agreeable portion of Philip Darnton's literary career. He was earning a certain and sufficient income, without being, by name, much before the public, and consequently not little assailed by the critics of the public press, who, by the by, generally speaking, are a very goodnatured class of men, and not very hard upon an author unless he is deserving of censure, or has incurred their personal animosity. He had formed a circle of very agreeable friends, and enjoyed their society with his wife whenever he thought fit to go among them, or receive them at his own house. His magazine work was comparatively light, and his sub-editorship was not very laborious, under the directions of his clever principal.

"Murder will out," is a very old adage, and has been proved to be founded in truth. No secret can be kept very long when it has been intrusted to more than two persons. The cause of the disclosure of the names of the writers in the — was an accident which was very nearly attended with serious consequences to the publisher.

He had called at the door of the — club in his carriage, to set down Philip Darnton and the lion of Brompton, whom he had met at a party. A fourth man was with them, to prevent any suspicion of their being closeted with him in a coach for the purpose of concocting matter for the —. He was induced to enter the strangers' room for a few minutes; and on his return, as he was descending the stairs that led into the hall, he slipped up, and fell heavily on the back of his head. Neither Philip nor his friend were aware of the accident, as they had parted from him at the door of the strangers' room, and gone up stairs to the smoking-room at the top of the house. He was, therefore, picked up by the servants, who, finding that he was stunned by the blow, undid his neckcloth, unbuttoned his shirt collar, and opened his waistcoat. As they did so, a small bundle of papers fell out, which the Paul Pry of the club—and every club has its Paul Pry—who was busily engaged in helping the servants, picked up and slipped into his pocket. A little cold water applied to his temples, soon recovered the publisher sufficiently to enable him to arrange his dress and proceed home; but he quite forgot his papers.

The Paul Pry, as soon as he saw him safely deposited in his carriage, took the papers into the dining-room, which was quite deserted. He was not a little surprised to find they were continuations, the one of a satirical poem, and the other of a violent political tirade, written, the former in the handwriting of Philip Darnton, and the latter of his friend the lion of Brompton. The secret then was in the keeping of the greatest busybody and babbler on the town, and before the afternoon of next day, all the town was gratified by the sight of the con inuatiens intended for the —, inserted in the columns of an opposition journal, with the names of the writers affixed to them.

Mr. Paul Pry, having done all the mischief he could, absconded, for fear of sudden consequences. The lion and Philip Darnton could not deny their own handwriting, but pleaded guilty. The character of the journal was immediately changed, and what had been the most piquant paper of the day, sank down into a matter-of fact record of accidents and offences, and home and foreign affairs.

But Philip Darnton and his editor, though they lost their employment, for the mask being taken from the faces of these *terra filii*, they could not indulge in the luxuriance of their satire, and were obliged to write more commonplace twaddle, became notorious men about town. Their company was courted by all who admired their talents, and more so by those who dreaded their satirical powers. It was, however, an unenviable as well as an unprofitable notoriety, for they had to bear the weight of sins which they had not committed, and dared not indulge in the same freedoms as they had hitherto done with impunity.

Among the many men to whom the notoriety of Philip introduced him, was a young nobleman, who had relished the columns of the —, and was glad to know the clever writers of them. He was a great sportsman, and every shooting season filled his house with destroyers of partridges and pheasants, and to amuse them after their murders were over, took care to invite a few wits and comic singers, to enliven the evening until the card-tables were set out in his drawing-room. Could he do better than invite Philip Darnton? No; for the lion of Brompton, as he boasted, never travelled out of the smell of London smoke. Philip consented to pay a visit for a fortnight, and in an evil hour his good genius deserted him, and allured him to take a gun in his hand,

and follow to the field this crack-shot lord. Now Philip knew just this much of a gun—that he was not to put the muzzle to his shoulder, and was to pull a bit of iron when he wished to “let off his piece.” His noble friend believing that his clever guest must know every thing, did not think it necessary to instruct him in the art of loading a gun; and Philip, not liking to acknowledge his ignorance in any thing, did not ask for information, but made up his mind to imitate all his host's movements.

His lordship poured a charge of powder down each barrel, and put a charge of shot in each, ramming it down tightly. Philip put two charges of powder and two of shot into his gun, which was *single*, whereas his host's was a *double*; the consequence was, that the first time he fired the barrel burst, and shattered his right hand so severely that he was obliged to submit to immediate amputation.

Who can describe Philip's feelings when the amputation was over, and he began to think of the consequences of his hurt! He could write no more, and how was he to obtain means of support! He would gladly have laid him down and died.

A long illness followed the accident, more from mental agitation than from any serious results likely to ensue from the wound or the operation. His noble host paid every attention, and showed every kindness to his guest, but as soon as the surgeon declared that he might be removed with safety, Philip returned to his home, and put himself under the care of his tender wife. To her he revealed the cause of his excessive grief; but she speedily consoled him, by assuring him that she could and would write to his dictation, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to make the experiment. This load removed from his mind, he wound healed rapidly, and his general health was sufficiently restored to enable him to set about preparing his articles for the *Review*, on which he was still engaged.

It was a work of labour and toil, to both the dictator and the writer. Few persons are aware that it takes sixty-six of closely-written letter-paper, to make up one sheet of sixteen pages of a magazine, and what it requires but one quarter of an hour to read, occupies some days in the writing. Virginia, however, worked on steadily, and bore all the peevishness of her husband with a calmness and good humour which gradually worked upon his feelings, and caused him to be less distrustful of the blessings of Providence, and less inclined to murmur at his hard lot. The work of dictating became less difficult as he became more used to it, and he learnt to use his left hand so as to be able to note down on a slate the heads of his various subjects.

The fear of absolute starvation being removed, Darnton became almost cheerful; but he would see no one—not even his friend and former editor. In this he was wrong and ungrateful, for he had done much for him, and would have helped him even now had he permitted him. Philip could not bear to be seen in his crippled state, and dreaded the ridicule with which he thought he should be assailed in consequence of the loss of his hand. His wife did all she could to disabuse his mind of these fancies; but he treated her arguments with disdain, and at last refused to listen to them at all.

Virginia worked patiently on, and secluded herself from all society. The close confinement injured her health, but she complained not. Her husband, wrapped up in his thoughts on his own hard lot, did not observe the change that was daily taking place in her appearance. She grew nervous and timid, and her eyes, sunk deep in her head, almost refused to do their office, and her hand, weak and trembling, could scarcely execute its daily task.

Still would she have persevered uncomplainingly, had not a circumstance occurred which for a time released her from her toil. The *Review*, on which her husband was permanently, as he thought, engaged, changed hands, and the new proprietor wished to employ some friends whose sentiments accorded more with his own than those of Philip Darnton did. His contributions were politely declined, and he found himself, for a time, without any occupation. What could he do? He knew not. The magazines were open to him, but it might be some months before room could be found to insert his articles. Could he write a novel? Yes; but it would take a long time to complete it, and what was he to do in the meanwhile? Virginia wished him to consult his former friends; but he felt that he had lost them by his folly, and would not consent to solicit a renewal of their friendship.

He gave up his house, sold his furniture and many of his books, and retired to an humble lodging “over the water,” as the Surry side of the river is called. There he lived in obscurity on the proceeds of the sale of his goods, and on the few pounds which were due to him from the late proprietor of the *Review*. He did try to write, but his brain failed him when he discovered the state to which he had reduced his beloved and patient partner. A long illness followed, his funds were exhausted, and debts incurred, trifling it is true, to all but the doctor, who professed to be a great friend to the distressed author.

Virginia believed him to be such, and placed great confidence in him. She told him every thing—all their past hopes and successes—all their present poverty and despair. He bade her be comforted, and attend to the recovery of her own health. She did so, and under his directions recovered her good looks and her former spirits. She believed him to be a protecting angel to her, but he proved himself to be a demon, for scarcely had she recovered her health, and her beauty had returned to her, than he made proposals to her which she rejected with the scorn and contempt they merited.

His attempts to seduce her from her fidelity to her husband were renewed without success, and from entreaties the villain proceeded to threats, not against herself, but against her husband, whom he threatened to throw into prison, for the debt he owed him. Virginia told him that she despised his threats as much as she did himself, and ordered him not to intrude upon her any more.

But one day passed and her husband was thrown into prison. The villain had sworn that he, who could scarcely turn in his bed, meditated flying the kingdom, and avoiding his creditors. A writ was obtained, and while Virginia was out procuring a few necessaries for the sick man, he was dragged from his bed and hurried to his cell.

Virginia followed, and bade him hope. He smiled gratefully, but whispered that hope was dead within him. Virginia gazed on him sorrowfully, for she saw despair in his eye—death in his face. She thought that he might be saved, and she left him to execute a plan she had hit upon. She pawned her wedding-ring—the last article a wife ever parts with—and hired a carriage to convey her to Brompton. She sent in her name to her husband's friend, and was admitted instantly. She told him all, as briefly as possible, and asked his aid. He, with tears in his eyes, placed a note-case in his pocket, took a seat by her side in the carriage, and ordered the man to drive as rapidly as he could to the Marshalsea. On the way he did all he could to comfort the wife, by assuring her that the debt should be paid and her husband released.

When they arrived at the prison they found that the debt—the debt of nature—was paid, and her husband released—by DEATH.

Through the interest of her husband's literary friend, who was an old college chum of Mr. Lauderly, Virginia Darnton became the sixth and last unfortunate admitted into THE WIDOWS' ALMSHOUSE.

SCENES IN INDIA.

FROM “REMINISCENCES OF A LIGHT DRAGOON.”—CONTINUED FROM A FORMER NUMBER OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.

MEERUT—OCCUPATIONS THERE—ALARM OF WAR WITH BHURTPORE—MULTOA—THE BABOONS AND TURTLES—MEERUT AGAIN—SECOND ADVANCE—BHURTPORE INVESTED.

The cantonments of Meerut are separated from the lower ranges of the Himalaya mountains only by the plain of which I have already spoken, and on the edge of which they are planted. So close indeed are these inviting regions to the quarters of the force, that many civilians, as well as officers of rank, purchase or erect for themselves country houses among the hills, and repair thither, as to a place of shelter, during the hottest of the months. More than once I accompanied the Colonel thither in the capacity of orderly, and not in any quarter of the world have I beheld scenery more varied or more truly magnificent. Even the lower ranges introduce you to defiles and passes of surpassing grandeur; beneath and beyond which lie valleys, fertile in the extreme, while in the background arise those giant ridges from which the snow is never withdrawn, and over which no human foot ever has passed, or in all probability ever will pass.

It was at the close of the monsoon, in the year 1825, that a small force, of which the 11th formed a part, assembled at Meerut, under General Ochterlony, and began its march towards the Sumna. Our immediate chief was an old and infirm man, as most of the Company's Generals are. Nevertheless, we felt perfect confidence in ourselves, and our own regimental officers; so we pursued our journey, nothing doubting that it would terminate in results altogether satisfactory. A few days carried us to the brink of the river, on the opposite side of which stands Multoa; a town of considerable size and great note, inasmuch as it is the residence of some of the most distinguished of the Mahomedan families which claim India as their native country; there we halted, while the Infantry bridging the Jumna, by means of boats, passed over, and took up their quarter in the town. It was to no purpose, however, that the General opened a communication with the Rajah of Bhurtpore, the towers and bastions of whose lordly residence were from this point distinctly visible. Either because he credited the declarations of his priests, who assured him that his nest was unsailable, or that he was aware of the inconsiderable amount of the force by which at that moment he was threatened, the Rajah turned to every proposal a deaf ear; and we being by far too weak to enter upon more active operations, were forced to maintain for some time an attitude of extreme watchfulness, while from other quarters troops were drawn together, and moved up to support us.

While we lay here an event befel of which I make mention, because of the deep interest which it created, not in the 11th Dragoons alone, but in every other corps attached to the expedition. There was in my troop a man named John Feathers, a native of London, and an extremely good soldier; between whom and myself, indeed, a close intimacy had long subsisted, and who was universally respected in the regiment. He was followed in the march by a little dog of the terrier breed, to which he became very much attached, and which seldom failed of showing itself at his heels, let him be where he might. One day, I think it was the second after our departure from Meerut, he and I had been drinking in the canteen, not so as to intoxicate, or even to inflame, but merely to refresh ourselves after the work of the morning, and the dog, as his custom was, lay down at his master's feet, where he either slept or seemed to sleep. By and by we rose to go out. We paid no heed to the dog, taking it for granted that he would observe our proceedings and follow, and had approached close to the tents of the regiment, when John discovered that he was not near us. He whistled, the animal came not; whereupon he went back, and I for company's sake went with him. We found the dog lying where we had left him; John called him, but he took no notice of the call; upon which his master being somewhat provoked, seized him by the neck, and gave him a beating. The brute frightened, struggled, and at last bit his master slightly in the wrist; but the scar was so trifling, bringing scarcely any blood at all, that neither he nor I took much notice of it. As a measure of precaution I washed it for him with arrack, and after getting it tied up, he went to sleep.

The dog was certainly not rabid, for he attended John's footsteps ever after, and during the weeks that we lay on the Jumna, exhibited no signs of hydrophobia. The case was different with his master. He came to me on a certain evening, and complained that he felt excessive pain in the wrist where the dog had bit him. Being alarmed—I could scarce tell why—I advised him to consult the Surgeon, but this he refused to do, and went to bed at his usual hour. Next morning the pain had ascended as high as the shoulder, and when he entered my tent, I saw that the expression of his face was terribly altered. He complained also of great thirst, and when milk was given him, though he managed to swallow a little, he rejected the rest with every symptom of disgust. There was no disguising the sad truth from ourselves any longer. He was evidently suffering under a paroxysm of hydrophobia, and the Surgeon being made acquainted with the circumstance, he was conveyed to the hospital tent. The utmost care was taken of him; but it availed nothing. He died that night at twelve o'clock, in a state of raving madness.

We were all grieved and sobered for a brief space by the fate of poor Feathers; but the grief of soldiers, like that of children, seldom lasts long; and in a day or two our attention was altogether devoted to the events and accidents of each day as it came round. As may be imagined, we did not fail to pay frequent visits to Multoa, which we found singularly clean and neat, especially in the quarter which lay nearest to the stream; for there each particular house had its flight of highly ornamented steps that led down to the water's edge, and conducted the bathers to the place of their ablutions, whether they might be male or female, upgrown persons or young children. Neither was this the whole, nor the most striking feature which arrested our attention in this place. I never shall forget the first day on which, with five of my comrades, I crossed the bridge of boats and entered the town. There was no crowd of carriages or palanquins in the street, neither were the pedestrians numerous; but a multitude of baboons constantly gathered round us, and made as if they would oppose our further progress. The fact is, that the Indians of this part of the country are singularly superstitious, and hold many kinds of creatures sacred. On shore we have the baboon, in the river there is the turtle, of which countless throngs come as regularly to be fed from the hands of their devotees as if they were indeed gods, though dependent on their votaries for nutriment. There was something well-nigh ludicrous in the menacing attitudes which the baboons of Multoa assumed, so soon as they ascertained, which they were not slow in doing, that we were foreigners. But they did not show much fight, for when, after a moment's hesitation, a cry was raised “six dragoons must not be stopped by a crowd of monkeys,” and we dashed among them with our bamboos, and

began to lay about us, they took to their heels in all directions. They retreated, however, still retaining an attitude of hostility; for no sooner had they gained the tops of the houses, than they began to chatter and show their teeth, and even to pelt us with the bits of mortar and stone, which they managed to break off for the purpose.

The people looked very grave at us when they beheld the sort of bearing which we put on towards their much venerated baboons. If they had been aware of the sort of treatment which we occasionally awarded to the turtles, they would have been a thousand times more indignant. The turtle, as I have just stated, is accounted sacred here: and to refuse food to one of the genus who might apply for it by lifting his head above the water, would involve the delinquent in a degree of guilt far more heavy than is incurred by the utmost extent of cruelty to a human being. Nevertheless, I acknowledge to having more than once baited my hook for these very same gods, and not without prodigious efforts brought more than one of them to the shore. The brutes weighed from seventy to one hundred pounds. They differed from the sea-turtle chiefly in their extreme whiteness and in the delicacy of their flesh, but they were not to be despised as an article of food, and when dressed, with abundance of cayenne pepper and other spices, the epicures among us accounted them great delicacies.

At the further extremity of Multoa stood a ruined temple, by ascending one of the towers in which, at least two hundred feet high, we succeeded in obtaining an extensive and striking view over the whole face of the country. From this point I could distinctly perceive Bhurtpore and its gigantic fortifications, as well as the very inconsiderable camp, within the limits of which the whole of the force as yet brought up to reduce Bhurtpore was assembled; and it was impossible not to feel, while looking upon the relative strength of the hostile parties, that if this were all which England could bring against the Rajah, her game was desperate. The lapse of a little time, however, sufficed to show that these surmises and speculations were wholly groundless; but as it is not yet time to enter upon the serious business of the siege, I may as well disburden myself at once of the petty anecdotes and narratives which stand between me and that which constitutes after all the main incident in my Indian adventures.

While we lay in the vicinity of Multoa a camp follower died who belonged to that caste or class of the native population which always burn their dead. His body of course was set apart that it might be consumed; and being curious to behold a spectacle of the kind, I took care to attend. In the sloping bank of the Jumna the friends of the deceased dug out a convenient resting-place for the pile. It was a sort of terrace, which measured perhaps six feet in length by four in breadth, and there, upon a couch, composed of a double row of very dry billets, the body of the wretched camp follower was stretched. They covered him thickly with a coat of ghee, that is, of melted butter made of the milk of the buffalo, upon which they piled a quantity of dry grass with faggots, and light wood over all. As soon as the preparations were completed, several of the near relatives of the deceased approached to ascertain that all was in order, and immediately on their retiring the torches were applied, and the flame sprang upwards with amazing rapidity; I never looked upon a more disgusting sight. The pile burned furiously, so much so indeed, that several persons, with long poles, were obliged from time to time to keep the half-consumed flesh from rolling out of the flames; and what was more horrible still, the hawks, of which I have elsewhere spoken, as infesting this hemisphere, succeeded more than once in setting both flames and poles at defiance. I saw several of these birds pounce down, seize a morsel of flesh while it was broiling, and fly away with it. At last I grew perfectly sick; and returning to my tent, thanked God that I had been born in a land where such horrors were unknown.

We lingered on in this situation for a good many months, during the hottest of which, including March and April, we managed to render the tents habitable only by fitting to the doors on the weather side a sort of screen of grass, which was kept perpetually moist with water. By-and-bye, however, the division broke up, and returned for the monsoon to Meerut, where poor old General Ochterlony died—respected, yet scarcely regretted, by the troops that served under him. We returned, moreover, just in time to witness the consecration by the bishop of a handsome church, dedicated to St. John, which had been built by private subscription. Let me not omit to give the credit which is his due, to the pious and excellent pastor of that church, the Rev. K. Fisher. If ever man lived to discharge the duties of his station, Mr. Fisher was that man; and the consequence was, that he won over many a profligate to repentance, besides securing the affections of the whole garrison, and making numerous converts from Heathenism to Christianity. I shall never, as long as I live, forget the tenor of the admonitions which I received from him, and some, I doubt not, out of the multitudes who then held the same language with myself, still survive to repeat it.

While we occupied our old cantonments at Meerut, a fire broke out in the stables, which was supposed, I cannot tell how truly, to have been occasioned by the wilful negligence of some of the natives. It cost us several valuable horses, besides many more so injured, that not till the expiration of many weeks were they fit to be ridden. And not the least provoking part of the business was, that the perpetrators of the crime played their cards so skillfully, that beyond a suspicion, nothing was ever brought home to them.

Thus passed several months, at the termination of which, the order reached us to advance once more into the immediate vicinity of the hostile city. We set out, as our custom was, at an early hour in the morning; yet, even then, on passing the gate of Mr. Fisher's country-house, we saw the good man waiting to greet us; and fervent were the prayers which he put up for our well-being, whether we should ever behold him again or not. I assure my reader, that I am neither a hypocrite in matters of faith, nor a sickly sentimentalist; but I declare to him in all soberness and honesty, that I never was more deeply affected myself—nor saw a regiment of soldiers more deeply affected, than we all were by the prayers and the blessings of one whom we so sincerely loved and respected. Neither let me fail to observe, that not in my poor judgment only, but in that of all the most intelligent of the members of the British Army—is there anything which so much stands in need of reformation, as what I may venture to call the Chaplain's department in the Service. Our superiors may think as they please,—but we, who fill up the ranks of the British Army, know that we have souls to be saved, and very grateful should we be were there always at hand those who could tell us how to proceed, in order to ensure their salvation; and I can attest—in proof of this—that there was not a man in the 11th Dragoons, nor indeed in the European garrison of Meerut, who would not have laid down his life for the Rev. Mr. Fisher, more cheerfully than for any officer under whom he immediately served.

Onwards we moved, not easily forgetting our kind friend, or his generous benedictions, till by-and-bye we took up our old ground, on this side the Jumna, and opposite to the city of Multoa. I cannot tell why we should have expected to remain there, but we did not remain, for on the very next morning we crossed the river; and pushing on to a range of heights, which in some sort,

command the plain on which Bhurtpore is built, we there pitched our camp, waiting till the army should assemble, and the siege, of which nobody any longer doubted, should begin in real earnest.

From day to day, after our establishment in the camp, troops, stores, and cannon came up. The heavy guns which had been collected at Agra, were transported to the place of assembly by water, and the new Commander-in-Chief, Lord Combermere, making his appearance about the same time, the whole Army was reviewed, and next day put in motion. It was the duty of the 11th, supported by some native cavalry, to cover the advance, and many a formidable piece of ground we passed over. Not an enemy however showed himself, and about noon on the third day, the towers and bastions of Bhurtpore uprose in the centre of a huge plain, immediately before us. Nothing could exceed the carelessness, or the misplaced confidence of its ruler and his troops. Though they must have been long aware of our hostile designs, they took no precautions, whatever to defeat or even to retard their accomplishment; indeed, we found that the very trenches which Lord Lake's people had dug were not filled in. Lord Combermere, as may well be imagined, made haste to prevent their remedying an error so gross and so palpable. The trenches were immediately occupied by the King's 34th Regiment of Foot, and much time, as well as a large amount of fatigue, saved to the besieging army in consequence.

The town and fort of Bhurtpore are planted in the very heart of an enormous wood, of which the outskirts approach within five or six hundred yards of the defences of the place. The wood is intersected in all directions by roads or passes; and while the infantry worked in the trenches and pushed their saps, we, that is, the cavalry, had it in charge, to guard these passes so as to prevent both ingress and egress to the garrison. We were not always permitted to effect this, or to do the ordinary duty of outline picket, without molestation, as well from the enemy's guns, as from attacks by their very active and vigilant cavalry. The former of these modes of annoyance cost us several lives, among which I must mention that of Colonel Faithful, chief engineer to the Army. The latter did not often pass off without wounds both to men and horses on either side. One day in particular I well recollect that the arm of Mr. Groer, who commanded our picket, was severely hurt by a thrust from a lance; while the charger of one of his men had his tail cut off close to the stump, as clean as if the operation had been performed by a surgeon.

The wood which surrounded Bhurtpore was so dense, that in spite of constant service at the outposts, a good while elapsed ere I succeeded in obtaining of the place such a view as could be said to allay my very natural curiosity. It was only, indeed, by riding to the far extremity of one of the avenues, that you could hope to see a yard beyond your own ground; and this, for some reason which was never explained to us, we were particularly cautioned from hazarding. But there is no repressing the laudable disposition which urges men in general to increase their knowledge. My comrade and I being on patrol one morning, determined to indulge the desire under which we had both for some time laboured; and finding all clear to the extent which we had been directed to reconnoitre, we pushed gallantly beyond it. Suddenly we found ourselves on the edge of the open country; and the formidable appearance of the place against which our operations were directed, I shall not soon forget. There seemed to be no limits to the succession of redoubts and batteries which covered it on every side. Abatis, too, had been felled and laid with consummate care, so as to obstruct the approaches, and expose columns in advance to the fire both of cannon and musketry! While, that a sharp look out was kept by the garrison, and the parties detached from it, we had soon the best reason for knowing. Though there were but two of us, we scarce showed ourselves on the open plain, ere four or five guns were directed against us; and the precision with which the artillerymen threw their shot, soon warned us to withdraw. We did so, well pleased to have seen so much; neither did we return empty-handed. The wood was full of animals of the chase, of deer, buffaloes, hares, antelopes, and even of wild boars—to the pursuit of which, when not engaged on duty, we were accustomed to devote many an hour; and this day my comrade having killed a wild hog by a pistol-shot, we gathered him up, and carried him triumphantly into camp.

It was not, however, exclusively by reason of the stock of game which abounded there, that the woods around Bhurtpore proved fruitful to us of interesting occurrences. Numbers of Bhurtporeans,—by what motives instigated I cannot tell,—used to penetrate these thickets; and to pursue and make prisoners of these afforded us almost as much sport as to chase the antelope, or run down the wild hog. Yet we never succeeded in extracting from them any valuable information. They would even deny that they belonged to the fort, or had any connexion with its inmates; nor could either promises or threatenings prevail upon them to alter their tone.

Meanwhile the besieging force set to work in good earnest, and pushing forward their approaches, threw up batteries, from which, in due time, a heavy fire was opened. Of the solidity of the walls, however, against which this cannonade was directed, it would be difficult for those who never looked upon them to form a conception. Though faced with common masonry, they were constructed within the shell out of huge trunks and limbs of trees, which, being arranged longitudinally, and having the intervals between them filled up with solid and well-rammed clay, offered to the shot such resistance as could have come from no other kind of fortification whatever. I have seen scores of balls strike and splinter the stone-work close to the line of breach, without causing the slightest inclination of the rampart itself; indeed, several days elapsed ere the feeblest commencement was made in the work which breaching batteries are expected to accomplish in half that interval. Neither were our gunners permitted to have all the amusement to themselves. The enemy kept up a heavy fire from a large number of cannon,—not without some loss, and more annoyance to the besiegers; indeed, the crashing among the branches, as often as the Bhurtporeans warned to their work, was awful; and not a few of our people received wounds from the splinters which were thus scattered about.

In the labours of the siege we mounted men took no part; our duties consisted in guarding against sorties, and hindering supplies from being thrown into the place; and in the execution of these services we came, as I have elsewhere related, more than once into collision with the enemy. But as I cannot recall to my remembrance any affair of which the details put in especial claim upon the reader's attention, I will not weary him by forced descriptions where there is, in truth, little or nothing to describe.—[The Capture of Bhurtpore will be given next week.]

"ENGLAND SIXTY YEARS AGO."

We copy the following from a clever article entitled "England Sixty Years Ago," in the sixth number of Mr. Jerrold's *Illuminated Magazine*; a periodical which seems to increase in vigour as it advances.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

Among the amusements of the people at the period I am treating of, the universal practice of bull-baiting is perhaps the one most characteristic of the

state of society. The poor animal was brought out with great soothing and gentleness, and led to a stake in the centre of a place, which, like the "Grande Place" in France, was the modern forum of every town, and called the Bull Ring. When he was once secured, or believed to be secured—for there were instances where, in his agony, he broke his bonds, and wreaked vengeance on his persecutors—when once believed to be firmly secured, a loud shout from the multitude pronounced the approaching triumph of humanity—one by one the ferocious bull-dogs were loosed upon him. While he possessed his full vigour, he was able to anticipate the designs of his opponents, and when the dog, in the instinct of his nature, tried to seize the nose, either impaled him on the point of his horns, or tossed him aloft higher than the houses, when his fall sometimes burst his bowels, and sometimes, though rarely, killed him on the spot. I have seen the mutilated dog, torn and bleeding, drag himself again towards the bull with all the ferocity of his nature, and die before he could reach the spot, or perhaps the bull, unable to reach him with his horns, turned round and trampled him into a shapeless mass with his heels.

The monsters in human shape who bred the dogs for this horrible pastime, filled the air with imprecations, or notes of exultation, as the failure or success of their favourites brought them gain and honour, or loss and disgrace. Wagers were bandied about with a vivacity amounting to frenzy, and many a man, led on by the excitement of the moment, lost a sum which ruined him for life.

The ferocious tenacity of these dogs, when they had once seized the nose of the bull and pinned him to the ground, was wonderful: the bull could not move from his position because of the agonizing pain of that exquisitely sensible organ; any attempt to shake off his opponent was vain, and in this dreadful torture was he retained, till, either from the difficulty of breathing on the part of the dog (while his jaws were thus fixed), or from the period allowed by the laws laid down for the regulation of this humane amusement having expired, the dog was pulled away by his master—a difficult thing, and seldom accomplished without the aid of snuff crammed into his nostrils; the snuff was bestowed liberally also on the bull, and when he raised his mutilated lips aloft and roared with agony, another universal shout of exultation announced the delight of the bystanders.

One of these bull-dog breeders staked a large sum of money that his dog would allow his shoulder to be separated from the body without relinquishing his hold of the bull, and he won his horrible wager! Having just anatomical knowledge enough to know where the principal artery was placed, he passed his knife behind the shoulder blade, as we do in carving a rabbit at table, and separating the whole shoulder and limb from the body, left it dangling by the blood-vessels and a few fibres of muscle which he had avoided to cut. The dog retained his hold for a quarter of an hour, when the loss of blood made him faint away, and his noble master rewarded his merits by cutting his throat. This was mercy.

At last, however, the poor bull, worn out with fatigue and agony, would crouch down, and burying his nose between his legs, leave his whole body exposed to the malice of his enemies. Sticks, armed with sharp nails, were driven into his flesh, and especially into those parts deemed to be most sensitive!—the hellish cruelty of the crowd never ceasing to reproach him with cowardice. Cats were tied to his tail; this generally roused him to fury, and as the poor creatures were swung backwards and forwards, screaming and clawing, sometimes fastening his tail to his side, sometimes to his back, and sometimes fixing their talons between his legs, shouts of laughter and obscene jokes told the joy of his tormentors.

When still further exhaustion proclaimed the approaching termination of the game, and the wretched animal lay down in a pool of his own blood and that of the dogs he had destroyed, a bunch of furze was tied to his tail, and others fixed by nails in his back, and set on fire. This was capital fun; at this moment my heart is sick with the recollection of having clapped my own little hands in transport at the wild fury of the mutilated beast in his staggering agony of terror.

Thank God these times are gone! and the mechanic or manufacturing artisan who once took delight in such atrocities, has been partially awakened to a sense of the dignity of his own being, and has learnt to prefer the coffee-shop and the reading-room, the mechanics' institute, with its lectures and its elevating intercourse between mind and mind, to the unspeakable horrors of the bull ring.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD.

The insecurity of the roads was such, that to travel after dark was considered a wanton risk and foolhardy exposure to danger. The royal mail was repeatedly robbed, and the ordinary coaches frequently. The apathy of the public at these atrocities may be judged from the following incident. My father was desirous of benefiting by the new invention of gold touchholes, and accordingly brought up to town with him the barrel (only) of his fowling-piece. When he arrived at Bagshot, and had taken an early dinner, and while there was still an hour of daylight, the landlord came into the room uncalled to remonstrate on the danger of passing the heath, and to urge him to wait till morning, when he would have plenty of companions; told him that a celebrated highwayman on a white horse (!) had already robbed several families that day! and that there was every probability that he was still prowling about. My father, who had business of importance in London which required his presence early the next morning, determined to run the risk—half believing that the landlord's object was to secure the advantage of another guest for the supper, bed, and breakfast—so he passed on. He was scarcely arrived at the middle of the heath when the celebrated highwayman, on his white horse, rode up to the side of the carriage, and made him repent his temerity in rejecting the counsel of the landlord. It happened that the muzzle of the fowling-piece was visible at the open window; the man, looking askance at it, moved round to the other side; it was changed over to the other side, and carefully pointed in a proper direction, so as apparently to be ready for execution, while only just enough of it was shown to give it the aspect of a horse-pistol; again he rode round, again the barrel was changed. After a few more of these reconnaissances, the enemy thought it most prudent not to persevere in the attack on a man apparently so well prepared, and he galloped away.

Now, what would be thought of such an event in the present day? Here was a series of robberies in broad day; no pursuit—no other excitement in the country but that of terror, and a cowardly acquiescence in what was thought to be an inevitable evil—the white horse, too!—as if in defiance and contempt of the "authorities." In fact, in the immediate neighbourhood of London even these things were done with impunity; the late Dr. Babington, father of the present eminent physician, was twice robbed and ill-treated in broad-day on Blackheath, and the man was never discovered.

So intolerable was this state of insecurity, that a very spirited Irish physician, practising in London, whose name I regret to have forgotten, was moved to remedy the mischief. One remarkable man had committed not merely many audacious robberies but many acts of wanton atrocity: the gentleman prepared

himself for his dangerous course of knight-errantry, and sallied forth in his carriage, in each hand a double-barrelled pistol. The highwayman had scarcely time to present his pistol and utter the usual formula "stand and deliver," when he received the contents of two barrels in his body, and fell dead from his horse. The doctor, having provided himself with cord, stuck the man's ankles on the spikes behind his carriage, and tying them securely, left the body hanging down, and the head dragging on the ground. In this fashion he drove back into London, to the astonishment and horror of the populace, the head being battered to pieces on the stones. This little exploit was as extensive an advertisement as could be wished, and the effect was extraordinary; for more than a year there was an entire cessation of horseback robbery.

Is it not strange that the public could acquiesce in the existence of this reign of terror? We can hardly conceive that such a state of things could be tolerated for a single week; yet, after the most audacious act of robbery, the country did not rise universally as they would do in the present day, and spread the hue and cry for twenty miles around as quickly as horse could travel, but quietly lamented their hard fate, resolved never to travel late in the evening, and confided themselves to the protection of a police so notoriously defective; yet that police was, I believe, just as anxious to discover offenders as the present, but they were ridiculously weak in numbers, and the public gave them neither information nor assistance, although the persons of the robbers were well known, and people went every evening to that celebrated den of infamy, the Dog and Duck, to see them in their symposia, enjoying their claret and champagne along with their fame. [The Dog and Duck was a species of tavern on the site of the present Bethlehem Hospital, and to this place, adds the writer,] persons of the strictest character were in the habit of going as to a show, where were pointed out to them the "man that robs on Hounslow;" the man "who attacked the gentleman's carriage last week at Bagshot;" the "celebrated pick-pocket Barrington;" the "eminent footpad of Norwood;" and so on, just as we should point out at the theatre the officers who had distinguished themselves in such and such a battle, or the celebrated speakers in parliament. These men set public decency at defiance till their hour was come, till they were ripe, as the phrase was; when a long career of success having rendered them careless of precautions, the fruits of their plunder were found on their persons, or in their rooms, under circumstances that made conviction inevitable, and they were then duly strangled for the edification of their fellow-creatures.

ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

No. II.

A TRIAL BY JURY.—[Concluded.]

I was awakened the following morning by the sound of a horse's feet; and looking out of the window, saw Bob dismounting from his mustang. The last twenty-four hours had told fearfully upon him. His limbs seemed powerless, and he reeled and staggered in such a manner, that I at first thought him intoxicated. But such was not the case. His was the deadly weariness caused by mental anguish. He looked like one just taken off the rack.

Hastily pulling on my clothes, I hurried down stairs, and opened the house door. Bob stood with his head resting on his horse's neck, and his hands crossed, shivering and groaning. When I spoke to him, he looked up, but did not seem to know me. I tied his horse to a post, and taking his hand, led him into the house. He followed like a child, apparently without the will or the power to resist; and when I placed him a chair, he fell into it with a weight that made it crack under him, and shook the house. I could not get him to speak, and was about to return to my room to complete my toilet, when I again heard the tramp of mustangs. This was a party of half a dozen horsemen, all dressed in hunting shirts over buckskin breeches and jackets, and armed with rifles and bowie-knives; stout, daring looking fellows, evidently from the south-western states, with the true Kentucky half horse half alligator profile, and the usual allowance of thunder, lightning, and earthquake. It struck me when I saw them, that two or three thousand such men would have small difficulty in dealing with a whole army of Mexicans, if the latter were all of the pigmy, spindle-shanked breed I had seen on first landing. These gauds could easily have walked away with a Mexican in each hand.

They jumped off their horses, and threw the bridles to the negroes in the usual Kentuckian devil-may-care style, and then walked into the house with the air of people who make themselves at home every where, and who knew themselves to be more masters in Texas than the Mexicans themselves. On entering the parlor, they nodded a "good-morning" to me, rather coldly to be sure, for they had seen me talking with Bob, which probably did not much recommend me. Presently, four more horsemen rode up, and then a third party, so that there were now fourteen of them assembled, all decided-looking men, in the prime of life and strength. The judge, who slept in an adjoining room, had been awakened by the noise. I heard him jump out of bed, and not three minutes elapsed before he entered the parlor.

After he had shaken hands with all his visitors, he presented me to them, and I found that I was in the presence of no less important persons than the Ayuntamiento of San Felipe de Austin; and that two of my worthy countrymen were corregidores, one a procurador, and the others *buenos hombres*, or freeholders. They did not seem, however, to prize their titles much, for they addressed one another by their surnames only.

The negro brought a light, opened the cigar box, and arranged the chairs; the judge pointed to the sideboard, and to the cigars, and then sat down. Some took a dram, others lit a cigar.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the men sat in perfect silence, as if they were collecting their thoughts, or, as though it were undignified to show any haste or impatience to speak. This grave sort of deliberation which is met with among certain classes, and in certain provinces of the Union, has often struck me as a curious feature of our national character. It partakes of the stolid dignity of the Indian at his council fire, and of the stern, religious gravity of the early puritan settlers in America.

During this pause Bob was writhing on his chair like a worm, his face concealed by his hands, his elbows on his knees. At last, when all had drank and smoked, the judge laid down his cigar.

"Men!" said he.

"Squire!" answered they.

"We've a business before us, which I calculate will be best explained by whom it concerns."

The men looked at the squire, then at Bob, then at me.

"Bob Rock!" or whatever your name may be, if you have aught to say, say it!" continued the judge.

"Said it all yesterday," muttered Bob, his face still covered by his hands.

"Yes, but you must say it again to-day. Yesterday was Sunday, and Sunday is a day of rest, and not of business. I will neither judge you, nor allow you to be judged, by what you said yesterday. Besides, it was all between

ourselves, for I don't reckon on Mr. Rivers as any thing; I count him still as a stranger."

"What's the use of so much palaver, when the thing's plain enough?" said Bob peevishly, raising his head as he spoke.

The men stared at him in grave astonishment. He was really frightful to behold; his face of a sort of blue tint; his cheeks hollow; his beard wild and ragged; his blood-shot eyes rolling, and deep sunk in their sockets. His appearance was scarcely human.

"I tell you again," said the judge, "I will condemn no man upon his own word alone; much less you, who have been in my service, and eaten of my bread. You accused yourself yesterday, but you were delirious at the time—you had the fever upon you."

"It's no use, squire," said Bob, apparently touched by the kindness of the judge. "You mean well, I see; but though you might deliver me out of men's hands, you couldn't rescue me from myself. It's no use—I must be hung—hung on the same tree under which the man I killed lies buried."

The men, or the jurors, as I may call them, looked at one another, but said nothing.

"It's no use," again cried Bob, in a shrill, agonized tone. "If he had attacked me, or only threatened me; but no, he didn't do it. I hear his words still, when he said, 'Do it not, man! I've wife and child. What you intend, brings no blessing on the doer.' But I heard nothin' then except the voice of the devil; I brought the rifle down—levelled—fired."

The man's agony was so intense, that even the iron-featured jury seemed moved by it. They cast sharp, but stolen glances at Bob. There was a short silence.

"So you have killed a man?" said a deep bass voice at last.

"Ay, that have I!" gasped Bob.

"And how came that?" continued his questioner.

"How it came! You must ask the devil, or Johnny. No, not Johnny, he can tell you nothing; he was not there. No one can tell you but me; and I hardly know how it was. The man was at Johnny's, and Johnny showed me his belt full of money."

"Johnny?" exclaimed several of the jury.

"Ay, Johnny! He reckoned on winning it from him, but the man was too cautious for that; and when Johnny had plucked all my feathers, won my twenty dollars fifty—"

"Twenty dollars fifty cents," interposed the judge, "which I paid him for catching mustangs and shooting game."

The men nodded.

"And then because he wouldn't play, you shot him?" asked the same deep toned voice as before.

"No—some hours after—by the Jacinto, near the Patriarch—met him down there, and killed him."

"Thought there was something out o' the common thereaway," said one of the jury; "for as we rode by the tree a whole nation of kites and turkey buzzards flew out. Didn't they, Mr. Heart?"

Mr. Heart nodded.

"Met him by the river, and cried, halves of his money," continued Bob mechanically. "He said he'd give me something to buy a quid, and more than enough for that, but not halves. 'I've wife and child,' said he—"

"And you?" asked the juror with the deep voice, which this time, however, had a hollow sound in it.

"Shot him down," said Bob, with a wild hoarse laugh.

For some time no word was spoken.

"And who was the man?" said a juror at last.

"Didn't ask him; and it wasn't written on his face. He was from the States; but whether a hoser, or a buckeye, or a mudhead, is more than I can say."

"The thing must be investigated, Alcalde," said another of the jury after a second pause.

"It must so," answered the Alcalde.

"What's the good of so much investigation?" grumbled Bob.

"What good?" repeated the Alcalde. "Because we owe it to ourselves, to the dead man, and to you, not to sentence you without having held an inquest on the body. There's another thing which I must call your attention to," continued he, turning to the jury; "the man is half out of his mind—not *compos mentis*, as they say. He's got the fever, and had it when he did the deed; he was urged on by Johnny, and maddened by his losses at play. In spite of his wild excitement, however, he saved that gentleman's life yonder, Mr. Edward Nathaniel Rivers."

"Did he so?" said one of the jury.

"That did he," replied I, "not only by saving me from drowning when my horse dragged me, half dead and helpless, into the river, but also by the care and attention he forced Johnny and his mulatto to bestow upon me. Without him I should not be alive at this moment."

Bob gave me a look which went to my heart. The tears were standing in his eyes. The jury heard me in deep silence.

"It seems that Johnny led you on and excited you to this?" said one of the jurors.

"I didn't say that. I only said that he pointed to the man's money bag, and said—'But what is it to you what Johnny said? I'm the man who did it. I speak for myself, and I'll be hanged for myself.'"

"All very good, Bob," interposed the Alcalde; "but we can't hang you without being sure you deserve it. What do you say to it, Mr. Whyte? You're the procurador—and you, Mr. Heart and Mr. Stone? Help yourselves to rum or brandy; and, Mr. Bright and Irwin, take another cigar. They're considerable tolerable the cigars—ain't they? That's brandy, Mr. Whyte, in the diamond bottle."

Mr. Whyte had got up to give his opinion, as I thought; but I was mistaken. He stepped to the sideboard, took up a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, every movement being performed with the greatest deliberation.

"Well, squire," said he, "or rather Alcalde—"

After the word *Alcalde*, he filled the glass half full of rum.

"If it's as we've heard," added he, pouring about a spoonful of water on the rum, "and Bob has killed the man"—he continued, throwing in some lumps of sugar—"murdered him"—he went on, crushing the sugar with a wooden stamp—"I rather calculate"—here he raised the glass—"Bob ought to be hung," he concluded, putting the tumbler to his mouth and emptying it.

The jurors nodded in silence. Bob drew a deep breath, as if a load were taken off his breast.

"Well," said the judge, who did not look over well pleased; "if you all think so, and Bob is agreed, I calculate we must do as he wishes. I tell you,

though, I don't do it willingly. At any rate we must find the dead man first, and examine Johnny. We owe that to ourselves and to Bob."

"Certainly," said the jury with one voice.

"You are a dreadful murderer, Bob, a very considerable one," continued the judge; "but I tell you to your face, and not to flatter you, there is more good in your little finger than in Johnny's whole hide. And I'm sorry for you, because, at the bottom, you are not a bad man, though you've been led away by bad company and example. I calculate you might still be reformed, and made very useful—more so, perhaps, than you think. Your rifle's a capital good one."

At these last words the men all looked up, and threw a keen enquiring glance at Bob.

"You might be of great service," continued the judge encouragingly, "to the country and to your fellow-citizens. You're worth a dozen Mexicans any day."

While the judge was speaking, Bob let his head fall on his breast, and seemed reflecting. He now looked up.

"I understand, squire; I see what you're drivin' at. But I can't do it—I can't wait so long. My life's a burthen and a sufferin' to me. Wherever I go, by day or by night, he's always there, standin' before me, and drivin' me under the Patriarch."

There was a pause of some duration. The judge resumed.

"So be it, then," said he with a sort of suppressed sigh. "We'll see the body to-day, Bob, and you may come to-morrow at ten o'clock."

"Couldn't it be sooner?" asked Bob impatiently.

"Why sooner? Are you in such a hurry?" asked Mr. Heart.

"What's the use of palaverin'!" said Bob sulkily. "I told you already I'm sick of my life. If you don't come till ten o'clock, by the time you've had your talk out and ridden to the Patriarch, the fever'll be upon me."

"But we can't be flying about like a parcel of wild geese, because of your fever," said the procurador.

"Certainly not," said Bob humbly.

"It's an ugly customer the fever, though, Mr. Whyte," observed Mr. Trace; "and I calculate we ought to do him that pleasure. What do you think, squire?"

"I reckon he's rather indiscreet in his askin's," said the judge, in a tone of vexation. "However, as he wishes it, and if it is agreeable to you," added he, turning to the Ayuntamiento; "and as it's you, Bob, I calculate we must do what you ask."

"Thankee," said Bob.

"Nothing to thank for," growled the judge. "And now go into the kitchen and get a good meal of roast beef, d'ye hear?" He knocked upon the table.

"Some good roast beef for Bob," said he to a negress who entered; "and see that he eats it. And get yourself dressed more decently, Bob—like a white man and a Christian, not like a wild redskin."

The negress and Bob left the room. The conversation now turned upon Johnny, who appeared, from all accounts, to be a very bad and dangerous fellow; and after a short discussion, they agreed to lynch him, in backwoodsman's phrase, just as coolly as if they had been talking of catching a mustang. When the men had come to this satisfactory conclusion, they got up, drank the judge's health and mine, shook us by the hand, and left the room and the house.

The day passed more heavily than the preceding one. I was too much engrossed with the strange scene I had witnessed to talk much. The judge, too, was in a very bad humour. He was vexed that a man should be hung who might render the country much and good service if he remained alive. That Johnny, the miserable, cowardly, treacherous Johnny, should be sent out of the world as quickly as possible, was perfectly correct, but with Bob it was very different. In vain did I remind him of the crime of which Bob had been guilty—of the outraged laws of God and man—and of the atonement due. It was no use. If Bob had sinned against society, he could repair his fault much better by remaining alive than by being hung; and, for any thing else, God would avenge it in his own good time. We parted for the night, neither of us convinced by the other's arguments.

We were sitting at breakfast the next morning, when a man, dressed in black, rode up to the door. It was Bob, but so metamorphosed that I scarcely knew him. Instead of the torn and bloodstained handkerchief round his head, he wore a hat; instead of the leathern jacket, a decent cloth coat. He had shaved off his beard too, and looked quite another man. His manner had altered with his dress; he seemed tranquil and resigned. With a mild and submissive look, he held out his hand to the judge, who took and shook it heartily.

"Ah, Bob!" said he, "if you had only listened to what I so often told you! I had those clothes brought on purpose from New Orleans, in order that, on Sundays at least, you might look like a decent and respectable man. How often have I asked you to put them on, and come with us to meeting, to hear Mr. Bliss preach! There is some truth in the saying, that the coat makes the man. With his Sunday coat, a man often puts on other and better thoughts. If that had been your case only fifty-two times in the year, you'd have learned to avoid Johnny before now."

Bob said nothing.

"Well, well! I've done all I could to make a better man of you. All that was in my power."

"That you have," answered Bob, much moved. "God reward you for it!"

I could not help holding out my hand to the worthy judge; and as I did so I thought I saw a moistness in his eye, which he suppressed, however, and, turning to the breakfast table, bade us sit down. Bob thanked him humbly, but declined, saying that he wished to appear fasting before his offended Creator. The judge insisted, and reasoned with him, and at last he took a chair.

Before we had done breakfast our friends of the preceding day began to drop in, and some of them joined us at the meal. When they had all taken what they chose, the judge ordered the negresses to clear away, and leave the room. This done, he seated himself at the upper end of the table, with the Ayuntamiento on either side, and Bob facing him.

"Mr. Whyte," said the Alcalde, "have you, as procurador, any thing to state?"

"Yes, Alcalde," replied the procurador. "In virtue of my office, I made a search in the place mentioned by Bob Rock, and there found the body of a man who had met his death by a gunshot wound. I also found a belt full of money, and several letters of recommendation to different planters, from which it appears that the man was on his way from Illinois to San Felipe, in order to buy land of Colonel Austin, and to settle in Texas."

The procurador then produced a pair of saddle-bags, out of which he took a leathern belt stuffed with money, which he laid on the table, together with the letters. The judge opened the belt, and counted the money. It amounted to upwards of five hundred dollars, in gold and silver. The procurador then read the letters.

One of the corregidores now announced that Johnny and his mulatto had left

their house and fled. He, the corregidor, had sent people in pursuit of them; but as yet there were no tidings of their capture. This piece of intelligence seemed to vex the judge greatly, but he made no remark on it at the time.

"Bob Rock!" cried he.

Bob stepped forward.

"Bob Rock, or by whatever other name you may be known, are you guilty or not guilty of this man's death?"

"Guilty!" replied Bob, in a low tone.

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you be pleased to give your verdict?"

The jury left the room. In ten minutes they returned.

"Guilty!" said the foreman.

"Bob Rock," said the judge solemnly, "your fellow-citizens have found you guilty; and I pronounce the sentence—that you be hung by the neck until you are dead. The Lord be merciful to your soul!"

"Amen!" said all present.

"Thank ye," murmured Bob.

"We will seal up the property of the deceased," said the judge, "and then proceed to our painful duty."

He called for a light, and he and the procurador and corregidores sealed up the papers and money.

"Has any one aught to allege why the sentence should not be put in execution?" said the Alcalde, with a glance at me.

"He saved my life, judge and fellow-citizens," cried I, deeply moved.

Bob shook his head mournfully.

"Let us go, then, in God's name," said the judge.

Without another word being spoken, we left the house and mounted our horses. The judge had brought a Bible with him; and he rode on, a little in front, with Bob, doing his best to prepare him for the eternity to which he was hastening. Bob listened attentively for some time; but at last he seemed quite impatient, and pushed his mustang into so fast a trot, that for a moment we suspected him of wishing to escape the doom he had so eagerly sought. But it was only that he feared the fever might return before the expiration of the short time he yet had to live.

After an hour's ride, we came to the enormous live oak distinguished as the *Patriarch*. Two or three of the men dismounted, and held aside the heavy moss covered branches which swept the ground, and formed a complete curtain round the tree. The party rode through the opening thus made, and drew up in a circle beneath the huge leafy dome. In the centre of this ring stood Bob trembling like an aspen-leaf, and with his eyes fixed on a small mound of fresh earth, partly concealed by the branches, and which had escaped my notice on my former visit to the tree. It was the grave of the murdered man.

A magnificent burial-place was that: no poet could have dreamt or desired a better. Above, the huge vault, with its natural frettings and arches; below, the greenest, freshest grass; around, an eternal half light, streaked and varied, and radiant as a rainbow. It was imposingly beautiful.

Bob, the judge, and the corregidores, remained sitting on their horses, but several of the other men dismounted. One of the latter cut the lasso from Bob's saddle, and threw an end of it over one of the lowermost branches: then uniting the two ends, formed them into a strong noose, which he left dangling from the bough. This simple preparation completed, the Alcalde took off his hat and folded his hands. The others followed his example.

"Bob!" said the judge to the unfortunate criminal, whose head was bowed on his horse's mane; "Bob! we will pray for your poor soul, which is about to part from your sinful body."

Bob raised his head. "I had something to say," exclaimed he, in a wondering and husky tone. "Something I wanted to say."

"What have you to say?"

Bob stared around him; his lips moved, but no word escaped him. His spirit was evidently no longer with things of this earth.

"Bob!" said the judge again, "we will pray for your soul."

"Pray! pray!" groaned he. "I shall need it."

In slow and solemn accents, and with great feeling, the judge uttered the Lord's Prayer. Bob repeated every word after him. When it was ended—"God be merciful to your soul!" exclaimed the judge.

"Amen!" said all present.

One of the corregidores now passed the noose of the lasso round Bob's neck, another bound his eyes, a third person drew his feet out of the stirrups, while a fourth stepped behind his horse with a heavy riding-whip. All was done in the deepest silence; not a word was breathed; not a foot-fall heard on the soft yielding turf. There was something awful and oppressive in the profound stillness that reigned in the vast enclosure.

The whip fell. The horse gave a spring forwards. At the same moment Bob made a desperate clutch at the bridle, and a loud "Hold!" burst in thrilling tones from the lips of the judge.

It was too late; Bob was already hanging. The judge pushed forward, nearly riding down the man who held the whip, and seizing Bob in his arms, raised him on his own horse, supporting him with one hand, while with the other he strove to unfasten the noose. His whole gigantic frame trembled with eagerness and exertion. The procurador, corregidores, all, in short, stood in open-mouthed wonder at this strange proceeding.

"Whisky! whisky! Has nobody any whisky?" shouted the judge.

One of the men sprang forward with a whisky-flask, another supported the body, and a third the feet, of the half-hanged man, while the judge poured a few drops of spirits into his mouth. The cravat, which had not been taken off, had hindered the breaking of the neck. Bob at last opened his eyes, and gazed vacantly around him.

"Bob," said the judge, "you had something to say, 'hadn't you, about Johnny?"

"Johnny," gasped Bob; "Johnny."

"What's become of him?"

"He's gone to San Antonio, Johnny."

"To San Antonio!" repeated the judge, with an expression of great alarm overspreading his features.

"To San Antonio—to Padre Jose," continued Bob; "a Catholic. Beware!"

"A traitor, then!" muttered several.

"Catholic!" exclaimed the judge. The words he had heard seemed to deprive him of all strength. His arms fell slowly and gradually by his side, and Bob was again hanging from the lasso.

"A Catholic! a traitor!" repeated several of the men; "a citizen and a traitor!"

"So it is, men!" exclaimed the judge. "We've no time to lose," continued he, in a harsh, hurried voice; "no time to lose; we must catch him."

"That must we," said several voices, "or our plans are betrayed to the Mexicans."

"After him immediately to San Antonio!" cried the judge with the same desperately hurried manner.

"To San Antonio!" repeated the men, pushing their way through the curtain of moss and branches. As soon as they were outside, those who were dismounted sprang into the saddle, and, without another word, the whole party galloped away in the direction of San Antonio.

The judge alone remained, seemingly lost in thought; his countenance pale and anxious, and his eyes following the riders. His reverie, however, had lasted but a very few seconds, when he seized my arm.

"Hasten to my house," cried he; "lose no time, don't spare horse-flesh. Take Ptoiy and a fresh beast; hurry over to San Felipe, and tell Stephen Austin what has happened, and what you have seen and heard."

"But, judge?"

"Off with you at once, if you would do Texas a service. Bring my wife and daughter back."

And so saying, he literally drove me from under the tree, pushing me out with hands and feet. I was so startled at the expression of violent impatience and anxiety which his features assumed, that, without venturing to make further objection, I struck the spurs into my mustang and galloped off.

Before I had got fifty yards from the tree, I looked round. The judge had disappeared.

I rode full speed to the judge's house, and thence on a fresh horse to San Felipe, where I found Colonel Austin, who seemed much alarmed by the news I brought him, had horses saddled, and sent round to all the neighbours. Before the wife and step-daughter of the judge had made their preparations to accompany me home, he started with fifty armed men in the direction of San Antonio.

I escorted the ladies to their house, but scarcely had we arrived there, when I was seized with a fever, the result of my recent fatigues and sufferings. For some days my life was in danger, but at last a good constitution, and the kindest and most watchful nursing, triumphed over the disease. As soon as I was able to mount a horse, I set out for Mr. Neal's plantation, in company with his huntsman Anthony, who, after spending many days, and riding over hundreds of miles of ground in quest of me, had at last found me out.

Our way led up past the *Patriarch*, and, as we approached it, we saw innumerable birds of prey, and carrion crows circling round it, croaking and screaming. I turned my eyes in another direction; but, nevertheless, I felt a strange sort of longing to revisit the tree. Anthony had ridden on, and was already hidden from view behind its branches. Presently I heard him give a loud shout of exultation. I jumped off my horse, and led it through a small opening in the leafage.

Some forty paces from me the body of a man was hanging by a lasso from the very same branch on which Bob had been hung. It was not Bob, however, for the corpse was much too short and small for him.

I drew nearer. "Johnny!" I exclaimed. "That's Johnny!"

"It was," answered Anthony. "Thank Heaven, there's an end of him!"

I shuddered. "But where is Bob?"

"Bob?" cried Anthony. "Bob!"

He glanced towards the grave. The mound of earth seemed to me larger and higher than when I had last seen it. Doubtless the murderer lay beside his victim.

"Shall we not render the last service to this wretch, Anthony?" asked I.

"The scoundrel!" answered the huntsman. "I won't dirty my hands with him. Let him poison the kites and the crows!"

We rode on.

THE MAN IN THE IRON-MASK.

AND SUPPOSED ILLEGITIMACY OF LOUIS 14TH, PROGENITOR OF THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF FRANCE, SPAIN AND NAPLES.

Having been residing some weeks in the vicinity of Cannes, a small French town on the Mediterranean; I felt so much interest on visiting the islet of St. Marguerite, where stands the prison of the celebrated "man with an iron-mask," that I read every publication I could procure which alludes to that extraordinary circumstance, and the result of my enquiries showed, that the following occurrences are publicly authenticated and admitted to be true:—

During at least thirty years of the reign of Louis 14, there was known to be a State prisoner of such great consequence and high birth, as to be treated with the most marked defence and respect by the governor, who guarded him, by Louvois, and such other of the king's ministers as had occasional intercourse with him. No one presumed to sit or wear a hat in his presence. His confinement was so strict, that though served upon silver dishes with profuse luxury at his table, he was forced to wear an iron-mask—or another made of black velvet,—whenever his physician or others were admitted to his apartment: and it was commanded instantly to put him to death, should he contrive to make himself known to any other individual than his keeper; and also to destroy those who had become possessed of the secret. This distinguished prisoner, was always made the charge of the same trusty officer, a Mons. St. Mars: first at Pignerol; at Exilles, from 1681; at the isle of St. Marguerite, from 1687; and lastly at the Bastille, in Paris, from 1698, where he died Nov. 19, 1703. It could be seen in his latter years, that the hair which escaped from beneath his mask was quite white; and it is proved by a letter from one of Louis's ministers, to St. Mars, that "the Prisoner" as he was scrupulously called in all official communications, had been in confinement since the year 1670. Voltaire and other historians however, state 1661, the date of Louis the 14, acting as king, to have been the commencement of this living grave. On his death, which is legally authenticated as on Nov. 19, 1703, all his clothes, the furniture of his room, and every article which might betray the secret, were burnt; the walls, the ceiling, the floors of his apartment, were defaced and done up anew; and the glass of the windows was broken so that no written document should remain concealed or undestroyed.

Who this important personage really was, has always been a fruitful subject of enquiry and dispute. The Regent Orleans & Louis 15, never would give the slightest credible information on this point, even to their most intimate companions; and Louis 18 is stated to have said, he would never reveal the secret to any other than his successor on the throne, because the honour of their ancestor Louis 14 was deeply implicated. It is not surprising therefore, that various surmises as to the name of this prisoner, have been grounded on historical dates and facts; and I shall mention those which gained more or less credit at the time of their promulgation.

A secretary of the Duke of Mantua was seized by order of Louis 14, in the year 1670, and died a prisoner. His offence was, having persuaded his master not to sell his dukedom to France; but Louis, who had taken possession of the city of Strasbourg, in a time of profound peace, was not likely to care who might know where he had imprisoned a poor Italian. Some writers have fixed upon Henry Cromwell, and the Duke of Monmouth; the first, merely because

he had suddenly disappeared in 1659; and as to the latter, he was publicly executed in London, in the year 1685, where his person was well known to all around. Other individuals assert, that the Duke de Beaufort, Admiral of France, was not in truth killed by the Turks in 1669, at the siege of Candia, but was doomed to perpetual imprisonment by Louis: this tale is, however, as unlikely as that relative to a Jesuit, who wrote a biting satire against the king in 1681; for Louis the 14 always openly exerted the most despotic power of imprisoning those who offended him. It has been stated, that the Count de Vermandois, son of the king and Madame la Valiere, was the culprit: but even had that depraved prince not been well known to die of the small-pox, when with the army in 1683, still it is unlikely that his own father should so unrelentingly have avenged a blow given to the Dauphin.

One rumour much in repute, has identified this prisoner with Fouquet, the finance minister; who had exasperated the king by his vast wealth and splendour, but chiefly by daring to offer Madame la Valiere a large sum of money, if she would quit Louis and marry him: in this case however, there could be no cause of concealment; as Fouquet was arrested in 1661, tried openly in the Chamber of Justice, condemned in 1664 to banishment for peculation, and the sentence was spitefully changed by the king into perpetual imprisonment. He died in March 1680 after being nursed by his own daughter; his body was given up to his widow, and his papers delivered to his son. Another report makes the prisoner to have been the twin brother of Louis 14, but such an event as a double birth of royalty, must have been generally known at court.

The most probable solution of this remarkable historical fact is, that the man so rigorously guarded, yet respectfully treated, was an elder son of the Queen of Louis 13, whom that monarch never would recognise as legitimate; although Cardinal Richelieu afterwards persuaded him to acknowledge two other boys, born to the Queen, rather than involve his kingdom in the horrors of a disputed succession. This eldest child was brought up privately, in ignorance of his high birth; and his being alive was entrusted only to Cardinal Richelieu and Mazarin.

Many circumstances make this opinion to bear the stamp of truth. Louis 13, and his wife lived upon the worst terms; he hated and ill used her; and got so jealous of her conduct, that he ordered the handsome Duke of Buckingham to quit his dominions without delay. It was twenty-three years after their marriage, that his queen gave birth to that boy, who became the future king—Louis 14; and she had then a younger son, from whom the Orleans family is descended:—towards these children Louis 13 always showed great aversion; refusing to see them, or to interest himself about them; and when he died, a serious revolt took place under the Condé princes, who were heirs male to the throne, if the children of the queen were illegitimate. During the whole long reign of Louis 14, he invariably displayed a marked dislike to the Condé family; but not to those branches of Vendôme, who by their birth could have no claims to the kingdom; and he peculiarly hated the slightest reference to his childhood, or to anything which had then occurred.

It is also singular, that ambitious as that monarch proved himself, and eager for the most unlimited power; yet so long as Mazarin lived, he made no attempt to take the affairs of Government into his own hands, but even waited for that purpose several years after his regal majority by the laws of France (the age of 14.)

No sooner, however, did Mazarin die in 1661, than Louis at once stepped forward as an absolute king, whose word was law; and it is believed by many that the confinement of the prisoner with an iron mask may be dated from the same moment.

This extraordinary historical romance is now merely a matter of curiosity! for whether Louis XIV, was a Bourbon or not, the three royal families sprung from him have, at least a valid claim of above 150 years' possession; which is a better title to their respective thrones than proof of descent from Henry the 4th, let the out-and-out partisans of legitimacy say what they please to the contrary.

GOSSIP FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

A reference to the case of "Rachael Baker, the American Somnambulist," in a late London Magazine, has recalled that remarkable phenomenon very forcibly to our mind. Rachael Baker resided within four miles of "the house where we were born;" and the first exhibitions of her religious exercises during sleep took place alternately at the homestead and the residence of a relation in its near vicinity. We remember as it were but yesterday the solemnity which sat upon the faces of the assembled neighbors, as they awaited the signal-groan from an adjoining apartment, to which, at about seven P. M., the Somnambulist usually retired for the night. When the door was opened the crowd pressed in. The sleeper, dressed in white muslin, lay straight and motionless in bed; her eyes closed, her face white and inflexible as marble; and her fingers with livid marks beneath the nails, clasped meekly upon her bosom. Flecks of foam were visible at the corners of her mouth, and her lips moved "as if they would address themselves to speech," for some seconds before any audible sound came from them. At length, however, in a clear silvery voice she opened with prayer; a prayer fervent, devotional, and evidently direct from the heart. When this was concluded, and after the lapse of a brief space, she began an exhortation, in language pure, beautiful, often eloquent, and occasionally rising to a noble sublimity; and then closed with prayer. If interrupted with a question, as she frequently was, by clergymen, medical gentlemen, and others, she answered it with readiness, and with a felicity of language surpassing belief. "Rachael," said a clergyman to her in our hearing one evening, while in the midst of her discourse, "why do you engage in these exercises! and why—" She interrupted the speaker with words to this effect: "I, even I, a worm of the dust, am but a feeble instrument in the hands of Him who hath declared, 'I will pour out of my spirit upon you; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams. And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my spirit, and they shall prophesy.' Even so Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight!" The girl was of bashful demeanour; altogether uneducated; could scarcely read; knew little of the Bible; and indeed in her waking hours conversed in a language that was far from being respectable English; but neither in her prayers nor in her exhortations was she ever at fault; nor did she at any time exhibit the slightest hesitation or confusion. Her answers to questions were brief, pointed, and invariably correct. Crowds flocked to see her, until the public curiosity overran all bounds. She was visited by many persons from New-York; and finally, under the direction of a committee of medical gentlemen from the city, was brought to the metropolis, where she created a great sensation.

"Who hath redness of eyes?" This interrogative "portion of divine scripture" is forcibly illustrated by an anecdote, related with most effective dryness by a friend of ours. An elderly gentleman, accustomed to "indulge," entered

the bar-room of an inn in the pleasant city of H—, on the Hudson, where sat a grave Friend toasting his toes by the fire. Lifting a pair of green spectacles upon his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes, and calling for a hot brandy-toddy, he seated himself by the grate; and as he did so, he remarked to Uncle Broad-brim that "his eyes were getting weaker and weaker, and that even spectacles didn't seem to do 'em any good." "I'll tell thee friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. I think if thee was to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months, thy eyes would get sound again!" The "complainant" did not even return thanks for this medical counsel, but sipped his toddy in silence, and soon after left the room, "uttering never a word."

A friend lately returned from the west, relates among other matters the following anecdote: "On board of one of the steamboats on the Mississippi, I encountered a deck-hand, who went by the name of Barney. Like many of his class, he was a drinking, reckless fellow, but warm-hearted, good-natured, and generous to a fault. In early life he was in easy circumstances; was a husband, and the father of several children. But one night during a violent storm the house in which he resided was struck by lightning, and the whole family, save himself, were instantly killed. His own escape was considered a miracle at the time, not even a hair of his head having been singed. From that time, however, he took to drinking, and so sank lower and lower until he became what I found him. When I had heard his story, I felt somewhat interested in the man, and one day managed to draw him into conversation. He told me his early history with much natural pathos; and finding him in the 'melting mood' I endeavoured to lead him to some serious thoughts upon the subject of his misfortunes, and especially of that one which had bereft him in so awful a manner of his wife and children. 'Barney,' said I, 'don't you think it was a signal mercy that you alone should have escaped unharmed from the bolt which destroyed all else you loved upon earth? Was there not at least something singular in the fact?' 'That's what I said myself,' replied Barney, in a tremulous voice; 'I always thought it was very sing'lar. But the fact I suppose was this, Mr. Whitehat. The lightning, you see, was afraid of a man, and so like a d—d sneak, it went twisting about to scorch women and little children!'"

It is related of the celebrated clergyman, John Mason, that sitting at a steamboat table on one occasion, just as the passengers were "falling to" in the customary manner, he suddenly rapped vehemently upon the board with the end of his knife, and exclaimed: "Captain! is this boat out of the jurisdiction of God Almighty? If not, let us at least thank Him for his continued goodness," and he proceeded to pronounce "grace" amidst the most reverent stillness.

Our readers will remember the order given by the Chinese Emperor to a corps of Mandarins, who were to exterminate the "barbarian Englishers" in the harbour of Canton, by going down to the bank of the river in the night, and then and there "dive straight on board those foreign ships, and put every soul of them to death!" Subsequently however the red-bristling foreigners managed to land, when, as it since turns out, it became necessary to adopt more sanguinary measures. The Emperor called up one of his "great generals," and gave him his dreadful orders: "You must dress your soldiers," said he, "in a very frightful manner, painting their faces with the most horrid figures, and depicting dragons and monsters on your banners: you must then rush upon the barbarians with fearful outcries, and terrify them so that they will fall down flat on their faces; and when they are once down," said the Imperial potentate, "their breeches are so tight that they can never get up again!"

Prof. Olmstead, of Yale College, in a recent lecture before the 'Mercantile Library Association,' described the difficulty of ascertaining the distance of the stars from each other and from our earth; yet, he remarked, it had been done. The nearest star's distance from us had been measured, and by the aid of light, by which it could alone be accomplished. That distance, he said, was immense, requiring ten years for light to traverse it! The planets, he had no doubt, were inhabited. Of what use was the reflection of the sun's rays upon them, if there were no eyes there to behold it? What was the use of moons, which the planets certainly have! He spoke also of the fixed stars, which seem by the aid of a telescope to be innumerable. What was their purpose!—for a guide to mariners! No; for a very small portion of them could be seen by the unassisted eye. They were suns like our sun, to worlds like our world! To the inhabitants of those fixed stars our sun appears as a star, and the planetary system revolving around it, of which the earth is one, are unseen by them, as those of theirs by us! Great God! "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Is not the following illustration of "The Affections," by Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, "beautiful exceedingly?" "On a bright day in summer, while the west wind breathes gently, you stand before a forest of maples, or you are attracted by a beautiful tree in the open field, that seems a dense clump of foliage. You cannot but notice how easily the wind moves it, how quietly, how gracefully, how lovingly, the whole body of it. It is simply because it is covered with foliage. The same wind rustling through its dry branches in winter, would scarce bend a bough, or only to break it. But now, softly whispering through ten thousand leaves, how gently the whole tree yields to the impression! So it is with the affections, the feelings. They are the foliage of our being, moved by the spirit of God."

"You don't like smokin', 't aint likely?" asked a lank free-and-easy Yankee, as he entered a room where four or five young ladies were sewing, puffing a dank "long-nine." "Well, we do not," was the immediate reply. "Umph!" replied the smoker, removing his cigar long enough to spit, "a good many people don't!"—and he kept on smoking. We know of one reader of the Knickerbocker, a thousand miles from the hand that jots down this anecdote, who will enjoy it hugely; and indeed it is mainly for him that we record it.

We "stop the press" to announce that Mr. Punch has just dropped in from England, bringing the latest intelligence from "the other side." He has lately visited several places on the continent, not so much to see as to be enabled to say, like other English travellers, that he had been there. "Mr. Punch having arrived at Ronen late at night, left it very early the next morning, much impressed with the institutions of the city, both civil and architectural, as well as its manners, customs, and social life, which he is about to embody in a work called 'Six hours and a half at Ronen,' to be brought out by a fashionable publisher. From the reports of one of the learned societies, we derive the following important scientific information: 'Mr. Sappy read a paper, proving the impossibility of being able to see into the middle of next week, from known facts with regard to the equation of time. He stated that, supposing it possible for a person to ascend in a balloon sufficiently high for his vision to embrace a distance of seven hundred miles from east to west, he would then only see forty minutes ahead of him; that is, he would see places where the day was forty minutes in advance of the day in which he lived. Thus he might be said to see forty minutes into futurity. It has also been proved that, in sailing round

the world in one direction, a day's reckoning is gained; so that the sailor on his return finds himself to be "a man in advance of his age" by one day. This one day, however, is the farthest attainable limit! and it is therefore impossible to see into the middle of next week!"

Here are a few items of law from "*The Comic Blackstone*:" "The statue of Edward the Fourth, prohibiting any but lords from wearing pikes on their shoes of more than two inches long, was considered to savor of oppression; but those who were in the habit of receiving from a lord more kicks than coppers, would consider that the law savored of benevolence." "Unlawfully detaining a man in any way is imprisonment; so that if you take your neighbour by the button, and cause him to listen to a long story, you are guilty of imprisonment." Punch's idea of "*Woman's Mission*" differs somewhat from other reformers of the times: "To replace the shirt-button of the father, the brother, the husband, which has come off in putting on the vestment; to bid the variegated texture of the morning slipper or the waistcoat grow upon Berlin wool; to repair the breach that incautious haste in dressing has created in the coat or the trousers, which there is no time to send out to be mended; are the special offices of woman; offices for which her digital mechanism has singularly fitted her."

The corruptions of the twelfth century are well illustrated by a very amusing anecdote of "a handsome Italian friar, *teras atque rotundus*, about thirty, and extremely bold and eloquent." One day at a remote confessional of the church he declared an unholy and forbidden passion to a young and beautiful married lady, whom he had long "followed with his eyes," and begged permission to visit her at her residence. Struck with surprise at this new revelation of his character, she evaded reply, being secretly minded to inform her husband, when she returned home, which she did, word for word. He told his wife to contrive to let the friar come, alone and in secret, the next evening, which chanced to be that of Saturday, and the night before the Sunday of Saint Lazarus, on which occasion the friar was to preach. The appointment was made; the friar came true to the late hour which had been designated; was received at the door, and shown into the lady's bed-room by a servant, who informed him that she had desired him to request the good man to retire to rest, and to say that "she would be with him straight." The friar prepared to comply with the direction, and was about stepping into bed, when the door opened suddenly, and the lady entered in great apparent trepidation, exclaiming: "My husband is knocking at the door! For heaven's sake slip into that chest," showing him a double one in the apartment, "and lie there until I see what may be done! Meanwhile I will hide your clothes somewhere or other, as well as I am able. Heaven knows I fear more for your holy person than I do for my own life!" The unfortunate wretch, seeing himself reduced to such a pass, did as the worthy lady desired; while the husband, presently coming in, retired to rest with his wife, who had first locked the friar safe in the chest. The poor prisoner uttered sundry involuntary noises in the course of the night, and was in the direst terror at the inquiries which they awakened on the part of the husband. Daylight at length came, and the church-bells began to ring for prayers, which greatly annoyed the captive, who was to preach at the cathedral. The husband having risen, ordered two servants to carry the chest to the church and place it in the middle, saying they were ordered to do so by the preacher; and that unlocking the chest without raising the lid, they should leave it there; all which the fellows did very neatly. Every body stared, and wondered what all this could mean; some said one thing and some another. At last the bell having ceased to ring, and no one appearing in the pulpit, or any other part of the church, a young man rose and said: "Really, the good friar makes us wait quite too long; pray let us see what he has ordered to be brought in this chest." Having said this much he before all the congregation lifted up the lid, and looking in, beheld the friar in his shirt, pale, almost frightened to death, and certainly appearing more dead than alive, and as if buried in the chest. Finding himself discovered, however, he collected his mind as well as he could, and stood upright, to the great astonishment of all present; and having taken his text from the Sunday of Lazarus, he thus addressed his congregation: "My dear brethren: I am not at all astonished at your surprise in seeing me brought before you in this chest, or rather at my ordering myself to be brought thus: ye know that this is the way in which our holy church commemorates the wonderful miracle our Lord performed on the person of Lazarus, in raising him from the dead who had been buried four days. I was desirous in your favour to present myself to you as it were in the form of Lazarus, in order that seeing me in this chest, which is no other than an emblem of the sepulchre wherein he had been buried, you might be moved more effectually to the consideration of what perishable things we are; and that seeing me stripped of all worldly decorations, thus in my shirt, you may be convinced of the vanity of the things of this world, the which, if only duly considered, may tend greatly to the amending of our lives. Will you believe that since yesterday night I have been a thousand times dead, and revived as Lazarus was; and considering my dreadful situation, remember (as it were with the memory of a similar penance in your hearts) that we must all die, and trust to Him who can bestow upon us life eternal: but first ye must die to sin, to avarice, to rapine, to lust, and all those sinful deeds to which our nature prompts us." In such language, and in such manner, did the friar continue his sermon. The husband, astonished at the extraordinary presence of mind which he displayed, laughed heartily at his success; and in consideration of the adroitness of the culprit, did not attempt any farther revenge; "but," it is added, "he took very good care to shut his door in future against all such doubled-faced hypocrites."

Reader, what are you thinking of at this moment? "Nothing." Indeed! and so were we, and of how much a clever man once said upon the subject; observe: "Philosophers have declared they knew nothing, and it is common for us to talk about doing nothing; for from ten to twenty we go to school to be taught what from twenty to thirty we are very apt to forget; from thirty to forty we begin to settle; from forty to fifty, we think away as fast as we can; from fifty to sixty, we are very careful in our accounts; and from sixty to seventy, we cast up what all our thinking comes to; and then, what between our losses and our gains, our enjoyments and our inquietudes, even with the addition of old age, we can but strike a balance of ciphers." Happy are they who amidst the variations of nothing have nothing to fear; if they have nothing to lose, they have nothing to lament; and if they have done nothing to be ashamed of, they have every thing to hope for.

It is a sad sight to look upon the corpse of a labourer, cut down in the midst of a toilsome life; his hard, knotty hands clasped upon the still breast, and the strong limbs laid in serene repose. And yet how happy the change! No longer does he ask leave to toil; no longer is he at war with poverty, for death has made it a drawn battle. He "rests from his labours" where the rich and the poor meet together, and he hears no more the voice of the oppressor.

Q. What are the most difficult roots to extract from the ground? A. The Cube root.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

From the Westminster Review.

The successful operation of Clegg and Samuda's Atmospheric Railway in Ireland, upon the extension of the Dublin and Kingstown line, has rendered this mode of transit a subject of so much interest to the public in general, that we deem it our duty to lay before our readers, in a manner as simple as possible, an explanation of the *modus operandi*, and also of the advantages ultimately to be derived from it. Our data are taken from facts, of the accuracy of which any one may satisfy himself by going to Kingstown, and comparing our statements with his own observations.

The speed of the atmospheric mode of travelling as far exceeds that of the locomotive plan, as the locomotive speed exceeds that of the stage coaches; this mode so reduces the expenses one half, which the locomotive system does not, it being as expensive, or more so, than the coaches.

To describe the Atmospheric Railway in all its detail would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject, neither would such a description suit the general reader; the following particulars must therefore suffice.

Along the entire line, and between the rails, runs a pipe, which, on the Kingstown and Dalkey line, is fifteen inches inside diameter. Along the entire length of this pipe is a slit or opening, through which a bar passes, connecting a piston (which moves freely in the pipe) with the carriage outside. The opening at the top of the pipe is covered with a leather strap, extending the whole of the length of the pipe, and two inches broader than the opening. Under and over this leather strap are riveted iron plates, the top ones twelve inches long and half an inch broader than the opening, the bottom ones narrower than the opening in the pipe, but the same length as those at the top. One edge of the leather is screwed firmly down, like a common bucket valve, and forms a hinge on which it moves. The other edge of the valve falls into a groove; this groove or trough is filled with a composition, made of bees' wax and tallow, well worked by hand, so as to make it pliable and tough, before spreading it in the groove; this composition being pressed tight against the edge of the leather valve which rests in the groove, makes the valve air tight, or at least sufficiently so for all practical purposes. As the piston is moved along the pipe by the pressure of the atmosphere that side of the valve resting on the groove is lifted up by an iron roller, fixed on the same bar to which the piston is attached; thus clearing an opening for the bar to pass as it moves along. The opening thus made allows the air to pass freely behind the piston; the disturbance which takes place in the composition by lifting of the valve is again smoothed down and rendered air tight as at first, by a hot iron running on the top of the composition after the valve is shut down. This has actually been done when the piston was travelling at the rate of seventy miles per hour, and was smoothed down air tight after it by the iron above mentioned. It is contemplated to place stationary engines along the line, about three miles apart; at each engine or station there is an equilibrium valve fixed in the pipe, so that each three miles or section of pipe can be either exhausted or filled with air independently of the other sections. The equilibrium valve is made to move freely out of the way of the piston by the carriage while passing over it; so that the train passes from one section of pipe to another without any stoppage. It is evident, that as the tractive force is derived from the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston, the amount of the force or pressure will depend upon two causes, *i. e.* the extent of exhaustion on one side of piston and the area of the piston itself. On the Kingstown and Dalkey line, the diameter of the piston is fifteen inches; the usual working exhaustion is from eighteen to twenty inches, which propels six carriages filled with passengers (amounting to about thirty-five tons, up an incline, averaging 1 in 120, at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Having now given such a description of the Atmospheric Railway as will, we hope, render its operation intelligible to those at all conversant with mechanics, we shall proceed to point out its principal advantages over other modes of locomotion.

First. Economy in construction; a single line is sufficient for all purposes, and will convey more trains in a given time than any existing railway with two lines; this immense advantage arises from its velocity, averaging forty-five miles per hour.

Secondly. Economy in working, being propelled by stationary engines, taking about one-fourth of the fuel of a locomotive to do the same work, and saving the transit of the heavy engine and tender amounting to twenty tons upon the average, and the carriages for the passengers not being subject to jolts and concussions, their weight may with perfect safety be reduced to one half of the present weight; this again reduces the wear and tear of the line, much small timber being required for the railway bars to rest on, and the bars themselves only about one-third the weight required for a locomotive engine to travel on.

Thirdly. Safety: by the principle of working by the pressure of the atmosphere, one train cannot by any possibility overtake the one preceding it, however soon it starts after it; for, should it get into the same section of pipe as the preceding train, the power which propels the last will cease until the train which is in advance leaves the same section of pipe; and, from the same cause, trains travelling in an opposite direction cannot come in collision, for directly they enter the same section of pipe, the power which propelled them both ceases, and the trains stand still.

The power which gives the impetus to the trains is one undeviating pull, perfectly free from jerks of any kind; and when the rails are properly laid, the sensation of locomotion (except for the apparently moving objects outside, and a trifling noise) nearly ceases; so that an invalid, or wearied traveller, may recline on a couch in the carriage, with as little fatigue as if lying on his own sofa at home, though travelling at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

Such are the leading features of this delightful mode of travelling: to what it will lead it is impossible to surmise. The velocity for practical purposes is unlimited, and as the first carriage is secured to the rail by its connection with the pipe, it cannot get off the line; moreover, when we take into consideration the curves and bends in the Kingstown and Dalkey line, some of which are 300 feet radius, and that a carriage has actually passed along this line at the rate of eighty miles per hour, what velocity may not be attained when the rail is in a tolerably straight line, and the public has become familiar to the idea? Travellers were nervous when they first ventured on a railway where the speed was at the rate of twenty miles per hour, yet now that is considered tediously slow.

There is one remarkable fact which we wish to impress upon the public before concluding; which is, that the expense of working by locomotives increases as the square of the velocity. By the atmospheric traction the expense decreases as the velocity increases; therefore to the first mode there is soon a termination; the second is only limited by the speed at which men dare travel.

To the great exertions of Mr. James Pim, jun., of Dublin, the world is indebted for bringing the atmospheric system forward; without his aid years

might have elapsed before the public would have been aware of the advantages to be derived from this invention: as, however, it is now before the public, it remains for them to decide how much time shall intervene before the interests involved in the existing railways give place to this new and improved system.

* * Since the above was in type, we learn that the experiments on the Kingstown and Dalkey line, conducted by General Pasley, R.E.; I. Brunel, Esq.; and M. Mallet, were most satisfactory. On one occasion a gross load of sixty-seven tons was propelled up the incline of one in one hundred and twenty, at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. After the transit of the carriages, the mercury-gauge at each end of the pipe was twenty-four and a half inches. Afterwards a load of thirty-five tons was propelled at the rate of fifty miles per hour.

YORKSHIRE ALMANAC.

MAY.

Am glad tha't cum, me bonny May, thagh cheers me varry soul,
Cos t'macks a boddie think a times when dawns raand a powl;
We lads an lassies up at green e numbers menny a scar,
An ivvery wun we flairs deck't, best water hed e stoar.

- 1 M Cuckoos begin ta sing, at least foaks call it singin. Nah, be suar,
- 2 T when yo goa aght intat cloises, for a walk, at you put sum brass
- 3 W e yer pockets, becoss if yo heart cuckoo, an hez nou, yol hev nou!
- 4 T but bad luck all't year;—ah dar say sum on ye wishes at cuckoo
- 5 F ad sing all't year raand, if yo cud cum that.
- 6 S
- 7 S
- 8 M Ventpeg born 1792.
- 9 T Ah doant egshacktly naw weather theal be a mooon this munth or noa,
- 10 W but if thear izant, it al be all reight, an if thear iz, it al bit same.
- 11 T
- 12 F Fine an clear.—Mind, a good deal clearer then ah naw oaze ale allas
- 13 S iz; av teld em, menny a time, thade na cashan ta bother thesenke
- 14 S we puttin it into a barril, when a seck ad do az weel.
- 15 M Tom Treddlehoyle's cat kittald, 1840.
- 16 T Begin a bug huntin nah abaght.—Nah, al tell ye a bit ov a nanny-
- 17 W goat abaght bugs: yo see, thear wor two chaps wunce lodged at
- 18 T Sam Sluvins, an av heard foaks say, we me awn ears, at bugs, it
- 19 F neet time, uzet ta trail't bed up an daane't chaimber floor, thear
- 20 S wor sa menny on em. Wun a theaze chaps, yo see, at wir e tawkin
- 21 S abaght, went up stairs ta bed, but when id gottan thear, id lost hiz
- 22 M pairtner, soa he call d aght, "Jack, wear ar ta!" enah, Jack lifts
- 23 T up an owd chist-lid, an puts hiz head aght; "Wot ivver ar ta doin
- 24 W e thear!" sed tuther lodger, az he set up e bed. "Wha," sez
- 25 T Jack, gapein like a yung rook, "ah thowt ad get in hear, soa az't
- 26 F bugs cuddant find me, for av nivver hed a wink a sleep this last
- 27 S fortnit for em."
- 28 S
- 29 M Expeckt blue skyes, we a good deal a weel, neet an mornin summat like
- 30 T wot owd farmer Go-tut-dyke's milk allas iz.
- 31 W

JUNE.

As buds ov ivvery sort this munth begin ta change ther note,
May ivvery wurkin man dut same, but ov a differant sort!
That iz me wish, me hearty wish; an t'will, ah think, be so,
For wisser men nah rule the land then did two year ago!

- 1 T Here begins June, and sum foaks sez at "ivvery thing's e tune;"
- 2 F but ah doant think soa yo mind, for theaze a chap nex door ta uz
- 3 S larning ta play a bazon: eze bin agate nah, just two year cum't
- 4 S tent a this munth, an ta speik't truth, ar bairns hez nivver bin clear
- 5 M at belly-aike sin e blawd t'furst blaw; yo may believe me if yo
- 6 T like, but it costs me wun-an-ninepance a week, az regeler az't
- 7 W week cums, e byein hoppadildock an uther soart a fisick for em ta
- 8 T tack, he gripes em soa. Sea, av bin sa mad at him at times when
- 9 F eze bin reckanin ta play, "In a Cottage near a wood" an "Robin
- 10 S Adair," av wish't both him an hiz bazon at Jerico; an weel ah
- 11 S mud, for yo nivver heard sich an a noise e all yer born days az he
- 12 M made; a bull roarin, or an owd stockin frame at wark, iz mulcodi-
- 13 T ous whear hiz musick cums; al be bun for it, if't truth wor nawn,
- 14 W at theaze nawther a maase nor a creckit within hauf a mile a
- 15 T thause: this ah do naw for a sartanty—at furst blaw at he gav t
- 16 F bazon, thare cat, at wor asleep upat arstan, jump't up an bang'd
- 17 S reight throat winda, an away she went ovver't hause-rigs like wild-
- 18 S fire, an thave nivver bin able to keep wun thear sin; an weel thay
- 19 M main't, for eze enif to freetan a boggard ta death—an that's all
- 20 T abaght it.
- 21 W Fresh breeze.—Wha, it al be wun at yo nivver felt befoar.
- 22 T T'maister linen-manefacterers, at Bairnsia, made a law, an that wor,
- 23 F —at if onny a ther wareas men sweated when thay wor at ther
- 24 S wark, soa as it drop't on tat cloth, thay wor ta be sent abaght ther
- 25 S bizniss at a minit's noatis. It's nah aboon twenty year sin this law
- 26 M wor put into foarse, an its varry astonishin ta say, theenze nivver bin
- 27 T wun lost hiz wark upa that head all that time.
- 28 W
- 29 T
- 30 F A hoop flew off a Mally Muffindoaf peggy-tub, 1829.

THE STATE DEBTS.

From the Democratic Review.

In looking in detail at the financial concerns of the different States, it is satisfactory to find that a large proportion of them have made timely, honorable, and ample provision for all their debts. The temporary embarrassment of the finances of the General Government threw at one moment a shade of discredit over the securities of every part of the Union, but with the removal of the cause the effect has also ceased. The credit of the solvent States, as well as that of the General Government, is now perfectly good, and their stocks considerably above par in the market.

The particular circumstances of the several cases of the delinquent States are somewhat various. In some, the amount of the debt and that of the taxes which would be necessary to provide for it, when compared with any which have been heretofore imposed, are so great, as to have created alarm and hesitation as to the course to be pursued. In others, constitutional objections, well or ill founded, have been brought against the validity and binding character of the loan. In some, the loans which were intended to meet the case have proved insufficient, and in others, where ample provision has been made by loan, there has been a failure on the part of the executive officers to carry into effect the

measures prescribed by the Legislature. We subjoin, in conclusion, a few remarks upon each of these cases.

That of Illinois is the principal one under the first class. The debts of that State, which nominally exceed fifteen millions, are somewhat large, and the public works in which they were invested are in part so entirely beyond the present wants of the country, that they will probably not be completed. This, however, is not the case with the canal which connects the lakes with the Mississippi, and completes the grand chain of communication between the eastern and western waters. This will be, when finished, one of the most important thoroughfares in the whole country, and must prove immensely productive. In Illinois there is no thought of repudiation; it is, on the contrary, very agreeable to see the Government uniting with the necessary firmness and energy a financial skill which would do no discredit to the most intelligent of the older States. Should the respectable Commissioners who are now engaged in investigating the whole subject on the spot, in the interest of the landholders, feel themselves authorized to make a favourable report, the terms offered by the State will be accepted, and the canal will be completed without delay. In this case it will immediately become productive, and will furnish a revenue which will prevent all further difficulty in providing for the loan by which it has been constructed.

Mississippi has the unfortunate distinction of being the only State which has formally refused to acknowledge the obligatory character of the whole or any part of her debt. It is here and here only, if anywhere, that the violent but generally vague and ignorant declaration of European writers against American Repudiation, has any degree of applicability. It is required by the Constitution of Mississippi, that a law authorizing a loan, before it can be carried into effect, should be passed by two successive Legislatures, and it appears that a part of the debt has been contracted in pursuance of a law which had not received this double sanction. This act was undeniably in direct and gross violation of the Constitution; no private individual similarly situated would be under the slightest legal obligation to pay debt thus imposed on him by a fraudulent agent. This would, no doubt, be a sufficient reason that Mississippi should declare the whole transaction null and void; but, in that case, the first practical result must necessarily be to return the money. The act was at least accompanied with such circumstances of apparent popular acquiescence, if not sanction—the money, even though it did not go into the treasury of the State, or into the hands of any of its authorities, at least took the direction given to it by a law passed by all the concurrent branches of its representative government, and was applied to a purpose deemed, though most erroneously, to be of public benefit, and even necessity. The questions of right and duty involved in the case are at least so complicated and equivocal, admitting of such wide and sincere difference of opinion, that even though the constitutional and argument may be on the side of the Anti-Bond party when strictly analyzed, yet who is there of us who, as a Mississippian, would not feel that he would hold the honour of his State like the honour of his wife—not to be even suspected or accused? On this ground, then, as an act of high and chivalric honour, if not of plain and necessary honesty, we still hold that the whole of the Mississippi debt must yet be paid, and will yet be paid.

Louisiana, if the accounts recently circulated of some of the proceedings of the last Legislature, are correct, must, we fear, share with Mississippi, the discredit of actual if not formal repudiation. It is known that a large portion of the debt of that State consists in bonds issued for the purpose of supplying the capital of several banks, constructed on the same principles with what were formerly called Land Banks, with an obligation to lend a large portion of their funds on mortgages of real estate. The planters, who govern the proceedings of the Louisiana Legislature, of course adopted this measure with a view to their own accommodation, and after it went into effect, most of them actually borrowed greater or less sums for these so called property banks. It now appears, that these same planters have neglected to provide, in their legislative capacity, for the payment of the interest due on these bonds of the State; and having thus reduced their market price to about half their nominal value, have passed a law compelling the banks to receive them at par. By this ingenious device the planter is relieved from his mortgage, and the State from its debt, in a very economical way, at the expense of the stockholders of the banks, who are swindled out of half their property. We can hardly believe this statement to be strictly correct, and sincerely hope that it may prove not to be so. No State is so favourably situated for maintaining its credit at the very highest point, as this great emporium of the export trade of the country; and if a law so iniquitous has actually been passed, we trust that the earliest opportunity will be taken to erase it from the statute book.

In the great and important States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, which are among those most largely indebted, laws have been passed imposing taxes, which it was thought would be sufficient to meet the charges on the debts, but which, from accidental circumstances, have not proved so productive as was expected. It is quite preposterous to consider these as cases of repudiation. When a State has undertaken to provide for its debt, and has actually imposed the taxes that were thought necessary for the purpose, there can be no imputation upon its good faith, although some discredit may rest upon its skill and efficiency in the management of its finances. There can be no reasonable doubt that the same correct feeling in regard to the whole subject, which led to the imposition of the taxes, will lead to the adoption by the next Legislatures of those States of such further measures as the case may require.

The public debt of the State of Maryland is estimated, in the official reports,

at \$12,036,393 38.

Carrying with it an annual charge of

595,458

The ordinary expenses of the State are covered by taxes of a permanent character; and in order to meet the charges on the debt, the Legislature imposed, in the year 1840, a direct assessment of twenty-five cents on the \$100, upon all the taxable property of the State, which was estimated at \$196,959,140. The annual produce of this assessment is estimated at \$479,000. Besides this, the income and plate taxes, of which the produce is estimated at about \$90,000, and the income of all the public works, already calculated at about \$150,000, and which must increase very rapidly as they are gradually completed and brought into operation, are also appropriated to the same purpose. These various funds, if rendered available to the extent at which they are estimated, are amply sufficient to cover the whole amount of the charges on the debt of the State, including arrears of unpaid interest, amounting to more than \$1,200,000, which it is proposed to fund. Unfortunately for the credit of Maryland, the direct tax has not yet produced the full amount that was calculated on. In three counties nothing whatever has been paid—the collectors that were appointed having refused to undertake the duty. In several others a large portion is still in arrears. In the year 1843, thirty thousand dollars only have yet been collected, and of the amount due for 1841 and '2, more than \$300,000 are still unpaid. It is apparent from these facts, that there are great defects either in the law, or the mode of executing it—perhaps in both;

but it is understood that the attention of the active men of the State is awake to the subject in view, and we entertain no doubt that the Legislature will adopt such measures as may be necessary to render the taxes available, and thus completely retrieve the credit of the State.

The state of things in Pennsylvania is substantially the same as in Maryland. The public debt of the former amounts to \$37,937,788 24,* carrying with it an annual charge of \$1,849,718. The nett current revenue for the present year is estimated at \$1,849,000, and the current expenses at \$679,831, leaving disposable for the charges on the debt a balance of \$1,169,169. This sum falls short of the amount wanted by a difference of \$670,831; to supply which the Legislature imposed, in 1842, a tax of one mill upon every dollar of taxable property, the produce of which would be, as was supposed, sufficient. It appears, however, that on account of some real or imaginary ambiguity in the law the tax was never assessed. It also appears that the portion of the current revenue over and above the current expenses which we have represented as disposable for the payment of the charges on the debt, has been absorbed for the present year by a class of claims called the *domestic debt*, on the particular character of which we need not here enlarge: so that no interest whatever has in fact been paid for the last year upon the public debt, nor even upon the securities which were issued as a substitute for the payment of interest. The domestic debt is, however, said to be all paid; and should the Legislature, at their approaching session, take such measures as may be necessary for assessing and collecting the mill tax, a full provision will be made for the whole charges on account of the debt, and Pennsylvania stocks will stand in the market on par with those of New York, Massachusetts, and the other solvent States.

Latest Intelligence.

The packet ship *England*, Capt. Bartlett, arrived Sunday last, with advices from Liverpool to the 9th ult.

No change in cotton; market rather dull.

There had been a speculative feeling in the corn market, but it subsided. Wheat had declined one shilling a quarter in some markets, and was heavy in others.

In the week ending 7th ult. 10,000 ounces of silver were exported from England to New York.

The Queen and Prince Albert, after their provincial trip, returned to Windsor in perfect health, on the 9th ult.

Nothing important from Ireland. The Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, one of the traversers in the state prosecutions, died at Lusk, on the 4th ult. He was 51 years of age, and his death was caused by intense anxiety acting on a weak and debilitated constitution. He was called a martyr to the Repeal cause.

A new diffluence had arisen at Tunis between the Bey and Rear Admiral Banderia. The Admiral having presented to the Bey a firman of the Porte, granting certain commercial advantages in the Regency to Austrian trade, he refused to act upon it, observing that Austria had never consented to recognise his government.

Information respecting New Zealand has been received, according to which the late disturbances there are represented to have assumed a character even more formidable than was at first supposed. Some of the leading English residents engaged in the affair at Cloudy Bay, we are informed, have met with an untimely death.

FREE TRADE TRIUMPHANT IN LIVERPOOL.—By the time our paper will have reached the majority of our readers to day, the Liverpool contribution to the funds of the Anti-Corn Law League, will, we doubt not, have reached five thousand pounds—very little being wanted to complete that magnificent sum at the present moment. It would be a piece of impertinence on our part to attempt to offer any remarks beyond what this most startling but most gratifying announcement must give rise to in the mind of every man capable of drawing an obvious inference from self-evident and undeniable premises; nor shall we venture to encumber, with our feeble and superfluous praise, the indefatigable Anti-Monopoly Association of this town, to whom so large a portion of the credit of this glorious and ennobling result is attributable—seeing that Mr. Cobden has already borne the tribute of his panegyric to exertions that carry with them their own best eulogium.

Liverpool Journal, December 9.

Balfe has sold the music of the *Bohemian Girl* for £400 to Messrs. Chappell, who have given Bunn £100 for the words of the songs, &c.

A French provincial paper says, "According to the registers of the War Office, seven hundred thousand Irishmen have died in the service of France."

The queen has directed letters patent to pass the great seal, appointing the Bishop of Salisbury to exercise all the functions and powers of the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The provisional government of Hayti has sent an agent to England, to endeavour to form companies for working the mines and clearing the forests of that country.

Dr. Wolff is still waiting at Constantinople for certain important firmans and recommendations from the Sultan and the Porte, to enable him to proceed on his journey to Bokhara with a fair chance of success.

We are given to understand that the privilege of late years granted to soldiers, of purchasing their discharges, has been suspended in the corps serving in Ireland, in consequence of the demand for the services of every available soldier in that country.

Naval and Military Gazette.

The *Democratic Pacifique* states, that a farmer had lately died at Moorsled, Belgium, of enormous dimensions. He was seven feet in circumference, and the calves of his legs were as large as the body of an ordinary man. His coffin was three feet wide and three feet deep, yet he completely filled it.

A great theatre is about to be erected at Brussels, in which the machinery of the scenes and decorations is to be moved by steam, with little or no aid from manual labour.

The Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil has betted largely, ten to one, that the state trials will never take place.

A trial has just been made, at the Brussels station, of a system of night telegraphs for railroads, consisting of Bengal lights surrounded by glasses of various colours. It is said to have succeeded.

Feergus O'Connor, in his *Northern Star* of Saturday, in a letter addressed to Mr. O'Connell, tells the great agitator that either repeal will be carried, or his head laid on the block by the 1st of April next.

Prince Ligneac left Paris on Thursday for Bavaria. M. de Guernon Ran-

* This is the statement made by the Governor in his message of December, 1842. The amount is now increased by two millions of unpaid interest.

ville, another of the ministers of Charles X. has also been ordered by government to leave Paris, and was to go on Saturday.

Mr. McGregor, British consul at Elsinore, has been appointed to the post of consul-general in China, and, as we are informed, will go in a few weeks to London, to proceed to Canton.

SPAIN.—A telegraphic despatch from Bayonne of 4th December, announces that the resignations of Senor De Frias and Serrano had been accepted by the government, as well as those of the other ministers, their colleagues; and that Senor Gonzales Bravo had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. It also accounts satisfactorily for the abrupt dismissal of Senor Olozaga. It appears that in his capacity of Chancellor, Senor Bravo presented to the Cortes, at their sitting of the 1st inst., a declaration from the Queen, stating that Senor Olozaga, after having made her Majesty a prisoner in her own apartments, had forced her, on the night of the 27th, by holding her hand, to sign the decree for the dissolution of the Cortes. A proposal, the object of which is to prevent Senor Olozaga from sitting in the Congress at all, had been referred to the committees by a majority of 79 to 75. Madrid was in a feverish state.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY WHEAT.—The *Caledonian Mercury* gives an account of the produce of four grains of seed from a mummy presented to Lady Haddington, and sown at Tynningham in November last year, the produce of which this season, has been 189 ears, six inches long on an average, and containing some 3300 grains. The fact of the vegetation of seed after a lapse of two or three thousand years is questioned by eminent botanists; and yet there are strong cases cited in support of the fact. In the present instance, we regret to say, from the first crop being sown in Egypt from the mummy-case, and the Scotch experiment being simply on the second produce, it will not determine the argument one way or other.

REPEAL BANQUET IN LIMERICK.

LIMERICK, Monday Night.

To-day Mr. Smith O'Brien was entertained at a public dinner by the Repealers of Limerick, to celebrate his accession to their cause. The proceedings excited considerable interest, it being understood that Mr. O'Connell would preside on the occasion; and at an early hour the streets were crowded by the trades and other inhabitants of the county and city, for the purpose of forming in procession to meet Mr. O'Brien on his way into town from Calernmoyle, his country residence. The trades moved in "military order and array," with their respective banners and bands, and at two o'clock accompanied Mr. O'Brien through the city to Bank-place, where the hon. gentleman addressed them at considerable length; but we see no reason to inflict two speeches on our readers—and, as the one spoken after dinner may be supposed, in accordance with the old proverb, to have conveyed what Mr. O'Brien really meant to say, we shall content ourselves with giving that only.

The meeting then dispersed.

Mr. O'Connell, who was accompanied in his carriage by Mr. D. O'Connell, Jun., the Rev. Mr. Doyle, and Mrs. French, his daughter, arrived at Prince's Hotel at five o'clock, and was greeted by the people with loud cheers.

Mr. W. S. O'Brien rose, and, having returned thanks, proceeded to enlarge on the necessity of a Repeal of the Union. I give you, "Daniel O'Connell, of Ireland."

This toast was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. O'CONNELL rose and said—This is a great day for Ireland—[laughter and cheers.] It literally is a great day for Ireland—one of the demonstrative proofs of the wisdom of the prosecution—[laughter.] How certainly Ireland is cowed by the Attorney General—[renewed laughter.] How frightened the men of Limerick are at the Attorney General and his devil Brewster—[roars of laughter.] Yes, it shows that Ireland has materials to work with; and if there be found in this country any one vain enough to imagine that the liberties of Ireland are not fast approaching, this day has proved the futility of such a notion, and has gratified the heart of the oldest agitator amongst you—[cheers and laughter.] Yes, it is a day of hope for Ireland; and when I came here to pay a tribute of respect, as you have done, to the estimable gentleman who had made such an honest, right thinking speech, as you have heard, I did suppose that eyes, if not tongues, would interrogate me as to what is the state of the Repeal cause? What are its prospects, and what do I suggest as to its future conduct? I am forced, I am able, to answer those questions—[hear, hear.] The state of the Repeal cause is this—At present three-fourths of the Irish people have unanimously declared in favour of it. A portion of the remaining fourth—the Catholic portion of the north at least—are also for the Repeal—[Hear, hear, hear.] An immense number of the honest-hearted Presbyterians of Ulster are for the Repeal, and several enlightened members of the Established Church are for it; in short, no cause had ever so powerful a support—[hear, hear.] That is one fact. What is the next? Why, thirty-seven monster meetings were held, not including the monster meeting of this day—[Cheers and laughter.] That more human beings were congregated for peaceable, aye, or even for warlike purposes, than ever assembled in any country before—[hear.] That there were 6,400,000, as mentioned in the bill of indictment. But what is the fact, as was alluded to by Mr. O'Brien; not one breach of the peace was committed at any of the monster meetings—[hear.] Nay, it is a wonderful fact that not even an accident happened in a throng of so many thousands—[hear.] Six millions four hundred thousand met together, and observed even the politeness of refined society in their behaviour towards each other, demonstrating their right to govern their country by the complete manner in which they govern themselves. In our agitation we were offered assistance from America; that is, we were proffered the aid of arms, but we refused it; and why? Because ours is a peaceable struggle—a struggle which would be useless if accompanied by force of any description whatsoever [hear, hear, hear.] We are offered French sympathy: that we did not desire; we disdained accepting the assistance of the pro-slave party in America; and thus was our agitation proceeding, without a ruffle on its peaceful current, when out came the proclamation forbidding the meeting of Clontarf. It might have been out the day before, but that would have been to have warned us. There was a friend of mine who used to say, "If I want to conceal anything I put it in the 'Dublin Gazette'."—[laughter.] Nobody read it—hugger-mugger as it is; but I happened to get a copy of the proclamation before it was placarded, and I took care that no blood was shed at any rate [hear.] Did we miscalculate when we said the people would obey our advice? No; we said what was literally true—they obeyed it as a command, and at the very latest moment the spirit of obedience was at work, and the strand of Clontarf was freed from the blood of the Irish people. But then came thundering out the prosecution. The attorney-general has been blamed for showing considerable ill-temper. Now, I am not at all surprised at it; indeed, I think him in a great measure excusable [laughter]; for recollect, he had amongst the traversers persons against whom he entertained the bitterest animosity. It was I who, in the House of Com-

mons, moved for an inquiry into the conduct of his father. The house did not comply with that motion; but it was not my fault. I was as hostile when defeated as I was before; and considering what a virtue filial affection is, it is not to be wondered at that he should be hostile to me [laughter]. Then, again, my son John succeeded at the Youghall election, and Smith was defeated, notwithstanding that he petitioned against my son's return; and no wonder he should not be overpleased at that defeat [laughter]. He had also two priests in his net—[laughter]—three writers for the press, and a secretary—[laughter]—that is the active batch of conspirators; and they took—only imagine it—nine months to make up this conspiracy [laughter]. The indictment specifies proceedings which took place during no less than nine months, and then the bill of particulars in addition, *de omnibus quidusdam aliis* [great laughter]. A man might laugh till he was sick, and not be half through the indictment [renewed laughter]. Now we are to be tried, and an indictment more falsely charging individuals was not yet framed [cheers]. They charge us with sedition and disloyalty. Oh, they are disloyal who would turn the hearts of the Irish people from the Queen [loud cries of "hear, hear."] I say I utterly deny the charge, and hurl the untruth in the teeth of anybody but a Queen's Counsel, or an Attorney-General [laughter]. I am asked what is to become of the indictment! My answer is, that depends upon the jury [hear, hear]. It may take some time at trial, but the result must be an inevitable triumph to Repeal if we get a fair jury [hear, hear]. It is a good deal upon the dice—we may throw, and be triumphant, or we may be defeated [hear, hear]. I have always taken an active part in putting down bigotry and fanaticism. If the jury be composed of that faction, and take notice that, during the revision of the grand jury list, the Orange party had their usual electioneering agents present; there is little hope for us [hear, hear, hear]. I am asked how they can find a verdict on that indictment? They may convict me for being a Popish agitator [laughter]; but as to conspiracy, I loathe the word—the idea of conspiracy never entered my mind. No; I belong to a great national combination; and I am proud to belong to it; and while I repudiate the foulness of conspiracy, come weal or woe, I am wedded to that national combination [cheers]. But I wish to tell the people again how they should be prepared for coming events—if the jury should be unhappily misinformed, and a verdict be found against us, I am not afraid of any disturbance [hear]. I am not afraid of any disturbance from this to that period, nor of any disturbance even then; but there is no harm in repeating my caution to the people. It would, indeed, break my heart to think that there should be any disturbance. I would abandon the Repeal cause if there was any outbreak. Don't the people see that their enemies are perfectly prepared with troops, artillery, and ammunition? Let the people recollect that it was the fomented rebellion of 1798 that carried the Union [hear]. Give me but that noble tranquillity which I conjured you to observe, and the Repeal is certain [cheers]. The present staff of army cannot last here two years. At present every warlike preparation is made. The Rhadamanthus [laughter], the Cerberus, and the Proserpine, and I don't know how many other ancient names [laughter], are ready to convey troops everywhere through Ireland; but I remind the people that the Emperor of Russia is threatening England—there are marchings in Greece—and they are fomenting disturbances in Servia [hear, hear], and England cannot pass two years without wanting Ireland; and military force could never contrive to put down a people, provided they kept themselves always in the right [cheers]. What is very extraordinary is, that in that voluminous indictment there is not a single count for attending an unlawful meeting—not one. They admit that the Repeal Association is a legal body. We are now preparing our petitions to Parliament, and we shall have signatures equal in number to the six millions four hundred thousand specified in the bill of indictment [laughter and cheers]. Ireland need have no fear, unless from crime and violence. With that sentiment on my lips—with that conviction on my judgment—with that anxiety in my heart—I call upon you all to abide the coming trials with patience and tranquillity [cheers]. Let us look forward to peace during the coming crisis. Let no man pity me, nor feel that I was a wronged man—that I was an object of compassion after that trial.

"C'est le crime que fait la honte, et non la guillotine."

It is the crime that is disgraceful and not the scaffold [loud cheers]. I have struggled for Ireland—my first speech was against the Union—I have made more speeches since then than any other man, and my private life and public character have been vilified beyond measure; but while I have the confidence of my countrymen, I care not for it all [applause]. It has been suggested to me that if I consented to abandon the Repeal, the prosecutions would be given up; or, even if convicted, the sentence would not be enforced—that offer was made to me. I said at once there shall be no compromise of the Repeal. I would rot in a dungeon first [loud and enthusiastic cheering]. No, not while I have breath will I make a compromise. The Repeal!—[renewed applause]—While I live I shall continue to argue Ireland's right to a domestic parliament; and if I be incarcerated, my pen will enable me to teach my countrymen my sentiments [cheers]. I rejoice, then, my friends, that we have made this demonstration. Your monster meetings went on until, at the close of them all, they were interrupted by the government, and it was said that that which was peace before would, on the suppression of those meetings, be rebellion immediately. It was no such thing. Now we can contradict them. They interfered. He prevented. There was peace still. Peace still, is my entreaty—peace still, and Ireland shall be free [loud cheering].

BURNING PRAIRIES.

We copy the following thrilling account of the prairies on fire, from Mr. Catlin's "Notes of the North American Indians;—"

The prairies burning form some of the most beautiful scenes that are to be witnessed in this country, and also some of the most sublime. Every acre of these vast prairies (being covered for hundreds and hundreds of miles, with a crop of grass, which dies and dries in the fall) burns over during the fall, or early in the spring, leaving the ground of a black and doleful colour. There are many modes by which the fire is communicated to them, both by white men and by Indians—*par accident*; and yet many more where it is voluntarily done for the purpose of getting a fresh supply of grass, for the grazing of their horses, and also for easier travelling during the next summer, when there will be no old grass to lie upon the prairies, entangling the feet of man and horse as they are passing over them. Over the elevated lands and prairie bluffs, where the grass is thin and short, the fire slowly creeps with a feeble flame, which one can easily step over; where the wild animals often rest in their lairs, until the flames almost burn their noses, when they will reluctantly rise, and leap over it, and trot off amongst the cinders, where the fire has passed, and left the ground as black as jet. These scenes at night become indescribably beautiful when their flames are seen at many miles distance, creeping over the sides and tops of the bluffs, appearing to be sparkling and brilliant chains of liquid fire (the hills being lost to the view) hanging suspended in graceful festoons from the skies.

But there is yet another character of burning prairies that requires another letter, and a different pen to describe—the war, or hell of fires! where the grass is seven or eight feet high, as is often the case for many miles together, on the Missouri bottoms; and the flames are driven forward by the hurricanes, which often sweep over the vast prairies of this denuded country. There are many of these meadows on the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas, of many miles in breadth, which are perfectly level, with a waving grass, so high, that we are obliged to stand erect in our stirrups, in order to look over its waving tops as we are riding through it. The fire in these, before such a wind, travels at an immense and frightful rate: and often destroy, on their fleetest horses, parties of Indians, who are so unlucky as to be overtaken by it, not that it travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but that the high grass is filled with wild pea vines and other impediments, which renders it necessary for the rider to guide his horse in the zig-zag paths of the deers and buffaloes, retarding his progress, until he is overtaken by the dense column of smoke that is swept before the fire—alarmed the horse, which stops, and stands terrified and immovable, till the burning grass which is wafted in the wind, falls about him, kindling up in a moment a thousand new fires, which are instantly wrapt in the swelling flood of smoke that is moving on like a black thunder cloud, rolling on the earth, with its lightning's glare, and its thunder rumbling as it goes. * * *

When Ba'tiste, and Bogard, and I, and Patrick Raymond, (who, like Bogard, had been a free trapper in the Rocky Mountains), and Pah-me-o-ne-quah (The Red Thunder), our guide from a neighboring village, were jogging along on the summit of an elevated bluff, over-looking an immense valley of high grass through which we were about to lay our course.

"Well, then, you say you have seen the prairies on fire?" "Yes." "You have seen the fire on the mountains, and beheld it feebly creeping over the grassy hills of the North, where the toad and the timber snail were pacing from its approach—all this you have seen, and who has not? But who has seen the vivid lightnings, and heard the roaring thunder of the rolling conflagration which sweeps over the deep-clad prairies of the West? Who has dashed, on his wild horse, through an ocean of grass, with the raging tempest at his back, rolling over the land its waves of liquid fire?" What? "Aye, even so. Ask the red savage of the wilds what is awful and sublime—ask him where the Great spirit has mixed up all elements of death, and if he does not blow them over the land in a storm of fire? Ask him what foe he has met, that regarded not his frightening yells, or his sinewy bow? Ask these lords of the land, who vauntingly challenge the thunder and lightning of Heaven—whether there is not one foe that travels over their land, too swift for their feet and too mighty for their strength—at whose approach their stout hearts sicken, and their strong-armed courage withers to nothing? Ask him again (if he is sullen, and his eyes set in their sockets)—"Hush!—ah!—ah!"—(he will tell you, with a soul too proud to confess,—his head sunk on his breast, and his hand over his mouth) "that's medicine!"

I said to my comrades, as we were about to descend from the towering bluffs into the prairie—"we will take that buffalo trail, where the travelling herds have slashed down the high grass, and making for that blue point, rising as you can just discern above the ocean of grass; a good day's work will bring us over this vast meadow before sunset." We entered the trail, and slowly progressed on our way, being obliged to follow the winding paths of the buffaloes, for the grass was higher than the backs of our horses. Soon after we entered, my Indian guide dismounted slowly from his horse, and lying prostrate on the ground, with his face in the dirt, he cried, and was talking to the Spirits of the brave—"For," said he, "over this beautiful plain dwells the Spirit of Fire! he rides in yonder cloud—his face blackens with rage at the sound of the trampling hoofs—the fire-bow is in his hand—he draws it across the path of the Indian, and quicker than lightning, a thousand flames rise to destroy him; such is the talk of my fathers, and the ground is whitened with their bones. It was here," said he, "that the brave son of Wah-chee-ton, and the strong-armed warriors of his band, just twelve moons since, licked the fire from the blazing wand of that great magician. Their pointed spears were drawn upon the backs of the treacherous Sioux, whose swifter flying horses led them, in vain, to the midst of this valley of death. A circular cloud sprang up from the prairie around them! it was raised, and their doom was fixed by the Spirit of Fire! it was on this vast plain of fire-grass that waves over our heads, that the swift foot of Mah-to-ga was laid. It is here, a'so, that the fleet-bounding wild horse mingles his bones with the red man, and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over its surface. Friends! it is the season of fire; and I fear, from the smell of the wind, that the spirit is awake!"

Pah-me-o-ne-quah said no more, but mounting his wild horse, and waving his hand, his red shoulders were seen rapidly vanishing as he glided through the thick mazes of waving grass. We were on his trail, and busily traced him until mid-day sun had brought us to the ground, with our refreshments spread out before us. He pruned them not, but stood like a statue, while his black eyes, in sullen silence swept the horizon round; and then, with a deep-drawn sigh, he gracefully sunk to the earth, and laid his face to the ground. Our buffalo tongues and pemican, and marrow-fat, were spread before us; and we were in the full enjoyment of these dainties of the Western world, when quicker than the frightened elk, our Indian friend sprang upon his feet! His eyes skimmed again slowly over the prairies' surface and he laid himself as before on the ground.

"Red Thunder seems sullen to-day," said Bogard, "he startles at every rush of wind, and scowls at the whole world that is about him."

"There's a rare chap for you—a fellow who would shake his fist at heaven, when he is at home: and here, in a grass-patch, must take his fire-medicine for a circumstance that he could easily leave at a shake of his horse's heels."

"Not sate sure 'o that, my hooney, though we'll not be making too lightly of the matter, nor either be frightened at the mon's strange actions. But, Bogard, I'll tell ye in a 'ord (and that's enough), there's something more than odds in all this 'medicine.' If this mon's a fool, he was born out of his own country, that's all—and if the devil iver gits him, he must take him cowl'd, for he is too swift and too wide-awake to be taken alive—you understand that, I suppose? But to come to the plain matter—supposin' that the Fire Spirit (and I go for somewhat of witchcraft), say supposin' that this Fire Spirit should just impty his pipe on tother side of this prairie, and strike up a bit of a blaze in this high grass, and send it packing across in this direction, before such a death of a wind as this is! By the bull barley, I'll bet you'd be after 'making medicine,' and taking a bit of it too, to get rid of the racket."

"Yes, but you see, Patrick—"

"Never mind that (not wishing to disturb you); and suppose the blowin' wind was coming fast ahead, jist blowin' about our ears a world of smoke, and choking us to dith, and we were dancin about a Virginny reel among these little paths, where the devil would be by the time we got to that bluff, for it's now fool of a distance! Givin you time to spake I would say a word more

(askin your pardon), I know by the expression of your face, mon, you never have seen the world on fire yet, and, therefore, you know nothin at all of a *hurly burly* of this kind—did ye—did ye iver see (and I jist want to know,) did ye iver see the fire in high grass, runnin with a strong wind, about five miles and the half, and thin hear it strike into a *slash* of dry cane brake!! I would jist ax you that? By thunder you niver have—for your eyes would jist stick out of your head at the thought of it! Did you iver look way into the backside of Mr. Maelzel's Moscow, and see the flashin flames a runnin up; and then hear the poppin of the *militia fire* jist afterwards? then you have jist a touch of it! ye'er jist beginnin—ye may talk about fires—but this is such a *baste of a fire*? Ask Jack Sandford, he's a chop that can tell you about it. Not wishin to disturb you, I would say a word more—and that is this—If I were advisin I would say that we are gettin too far into this imbastible meadow; for the grass is dry, and the wind is too strong to make a light matter of, at this season of the year; and now I'll jist tell ye how M'Kenzie and I were served in this very place about two years ago; and he's a worldly chop, and niver aslape, my word for that—hollo, what's that?!

Red Thunder was on his feet!—his long arm was stretched over the grass, and his blazing eye-balls starting from their sockets! "What man, (said he), see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie? he rises! the hoofs of our horses have waked him! The *Fire Spirit* is awake—this wind is from his nostrils, and his face is this way!" No more—but his swift horse darted under him, and he gracefully slid over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. Our viands were left, and we were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his wild horse, occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank again in the waving billows of grass. The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the eagle. His neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift, and we struggled hard, yet hope was feeble, for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted! The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow advancing over the plain. Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us—the winds increased, the howling tempest was maddening behind us—and the swift-winged beetle and *heath hens* instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare, who leaves but a shadow as he flies! Here was no time for thought—but I recollect the heavens were overcast—the distant thunder was heard—the lightning's glare was reddening the scene—and the smell that came on the winds struck terror to my soul! * * * * The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds—his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff!

Our breath, and our sinews, in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from the *sea of fire*! "Great God (I exclaimed)! how sublime to gaze in that valley, where the elements of nature are so strangely convulsed!" Ask not the poet or painter how it looked, for they can tell you not; but ask the *naked savage*, and watch the electric twinge of his manly nerves and muscles, as he pronounces the lengthened "hush!—sh!"—his hand on his mouth, and his glaring eye balls looking you to the very soul!

I beheld beneath me an immense cloud of black smoke, which extended from one extremity of this vast plain to the other, and seemed majestically to roll over its surface in a bed of liquid fire, and above this mighty desolation as it rolled along, the whitened smoke, pale with terror, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven!

I stood *accure*, but tremblingly, and heard the maddening wind, which hurled this monster o'er the land—I heard the roaring thunder, and saw its thousand lightnings flash; and I saw behind, the black and smoking desolation of this *storm of fire*!

GANGUERNET: OR, "A CAPITAL JOKE."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JOHN HUNTER.

Mine is called Ganguernet: I say mine, for you have all had yours; every one, at least once in his life-time, has met with one of those little fat, ruddy, burly men, with straight close-cropped hair, low forehead, grey eyes, broad nose, puffed-up cheeks, the neck between the shoulders, the shoulders in the stomach, the stomach upon the legs; a sort of a Punch figure, rolling, bawling, laughing, hallooing: one of those fellows who come stealthily behind you, clap their hands on your head, and cry out suddenly: "Who's this?" Who pull away your chair at the moment you are going to sit down; who snatch from you your handkerchief just when you wish to use it; and who, on these occasions, when you look at them with an angry air, answer you with a broad grin, and a stare of imperturbable assurance: "A capital joke!"

You have had yours; and mine is named Ganguernet. My first acquaintance with him was at Rheims. He was a complete adept in his profession, and as a regular joke-player, master of all the tricks of his trade. Well skilled was he in the art of attaching a piece of meat to the bell-rope of a porter's lodge, so that all the wandering dogs about town would snap at the tempting bait, and awaken the mystified domestics ten times a night. Very expert was he also at cutting tradesmen's signs in two pieces, and substituting one for another. On one occasion he took the sign of a hair-dresser, cut it in two, and added the latter part to that of one of my neighbours; so that it read as follows: *Monsieur Roblot lets out carriages and false toupées, after the Paris fashion*.

But if M. Ganguernet was not the most agreeable companion in the city, still less so was he in the country, where indeed his presence, to me at least, was always a perfect nuisance. He knew how to scatter the victim, adroitly clipped from a brush, between the sheets of a friend, so that the victim, before he had been a quarter of an hour in bed, would become furious with the itching. He would pierce the partition between two sleeping apartments, so as to pass through it a piece of twine which he had cunningly fastened to your bed-clothes, and then, when he found that you were asleep, he would gently pull the string, until the covering was all drawn down to your feet. You awake half-frozen, for Ganguernet always chooses a cold damp night for this trick, draw up the covering, wrap yourself carefully up, and very innocently resume your slumbers; then Ganguernet, gently pulling his cord, again strips you naked; again you are benumbed with cold; and when you begin to utter imprecations in the dark, his detestable voice is heard bawling through the hole: "What a capital joke!"

Did Ganguernet chance to fall in with one of those simple-minded individuals, whose countenances invite mystification, he would steal from him during his sleep his coat and pantaloons, whose dimensions with needle and thread he would contrive greatly to diminish. He would then awaken his victim, begging him to dress himself as soon as possible, and join a hunting-party. The unsuspecting subject of the joke, thus suddenly roused, would try to put on his

pantaloons, but could not get into them. "Good Heavens!" exclaims Ganguernet, with affected astonishment; "why, what is the matter, my dear Sir!—you are terribly swollen!" "Am I?" "You are indeed, prodigiously!" "Do you really mean it?" "I may be mistaken, but come dress yourself, and let us go down, and see what the others say."

"But I cannot get on my clothes."

"Ah! that's it, you are so puffed up. It must be a thundering attack of the dropsy!"

And this would continue, the poor fellow, pale and trembling, in vain endeavoring to get on his clothes, until the tormentor, with a hideous chuckle, would come out with his famous sentence: "Ha! ha! a capital joke!"

There was one of his tricks which appeared to me to be truly abominable. He played it upon a person reputed to be a brave man, but who was nevertheless horribly frightened. One night, after getting snugly into bed, this gentleman felt something cold and slimy along side of him, he touched it with his foot; it seemed a round elongated body; he placed his hand upon it; it was a serpent coiled upon itself! In an ecstasy of terror, he leaped from the bed with a cry of disgust and horror, when Ganguernet made his appearance, shaking his fat sides and roaring out; "What a capital joke!" It was an eel-skin filled with water, that had caused the panic. The enraged gentleman would have broken the head of the joker, but Ganguernet throwing a pitcher of water over the sans-culotte sufferer, made his escape, yelling out at the top of his voice: "A capital joke!—a capital joke!" The master of the house and his guests came running in at the outcry, and with much difficulty succeeded in pacifying the mystified individual; assuring him that Ganguernet, though fond of fun, was in the main a charming good fellow, a pleasant boon companion, and one without whom, especially in the country, it was impossible to drive away ennui.

Our readers may perhaps think with us, that, on the contrary, this man was one of those insufferable beings who are constantly intruding upon the pleasures and comforts of others; like a dog at a game of nine-pins, overturning with his paws all the arrangements of your joys and sorrows; more insupportable, and more difficult to get rid of than the dog, they lie in ambush to pounce upon you, and disconcert by a word or a trick the feelings you may enjoy, or the projects you intend.

Among characters of this description, there are some whom their commonplace attempts at wit consign to contempt. These performers confine themselves to vulgar and stale jokes. To thrust the head through the paper window-pane of a cobbler, and ask him the address of a minister of finances, or an archbishop; to stretch a cord across a staircase, so as to cause those who descend to take, in the words of a punster, a *voyage sur la rein*, or "a voyage upon the Rhine;" to wake up a notary in the middle of the night, and send him in great haste to draw up a will for a client, whom he finds in good health; these and a thousand other silly pranks of the same nature, are the stock in trade of a jester; and no one knew them better than did Ganguernet.

He had, moreover, invented some original tricks, which had given him a colossal reputation among the admirers of this branch of the fine arts. The only truly witty one I ever knew him to perpetrate, took place at a country-house where a large party of us were assembled. Among the guests, Ganguernet had singled out a lady of some thirty years, rather fantastic in her manners and appearance, who was doatingly fond of Parisian elegance, and who preferred the pale face of a well-looking youth of rather shallow intellect, to the coarse, purple visage of Ganguernet. Our humourist endeavoured in vain to render this youth ridiculous in the eyes of the lady, who regarded his simplicity as a poetical absence of mind, and his credulity as an indication of sincerity and honest good faith. One evening, after a brisk defence of the pale-faced youth on the part of the lady, which was listened to by Ganguernet with a patience and a peculiar expression of the eye which boded no good, we had all retired to our apartments. In about half an hour, the house resounded with loud outcries of "fire! fire!" which seemed to proceed from the hall upon the ground-floor. Every one hastened thither, men and women half-dressed, or half undressed, which ever you please. They entered pell-mell, candlestick in hand, and there found Ganguernet stretched upon a sofa. To the reiterated questions that were put him as to the cause of the clamour, he answered not a word; but taking the pale-faced young man by the hand in a very solemn manner, and leading him up to the fine lady, gravely said to her: "I have the honour, Madame, of presenting to you the most poetic genius of the company in a cotton night-cap." We all burst into a shout of laughter, but the lady never forgave Ganguernet nor the cotton night-cap.

All the jokes which Ganguernet played, however, were not prompted by vengeance; a spirit of fun merely being the grand principle of most of his tricks. Before we come to the occurrence which showed this man to me in his true colours, I must relate a few more of the humorous pranks in which he took the greatest pride. Opposite his residence at Rennes there dwelt a worthy pair of venerable citizens, who were the sole occupants of a small house, which was their only possession. Once a week this honest couple were in the habit of dining, and having a little game of piquet with a relation, who resided at some distance from their abode. On these occasions they were usually regaled with curds and whey, which they moistened with sparkling cider; and not unfrequently a bowl of punch concluded the repast; so that the worthy pair commonly returned home about eleven o'clock, singing and staggering along in a state of happy elevation.

On a certain fatal Sunday evening, these good folks returned to their abode, both of them pretty much, "how came you so." They arrived at the door of their next neighbour, which they recognized, and then proceeded on ten paces farther, which was just the distance to their own door. The husband, after fumbling in his pocket for the key of the street-door, pulled it out, and sought the key-hole; but no key-hole was to be found. "What has become of the key-hole?" cried he. "You have drank too much cider, Monsieur Larquet," said his wife; "you are looking for the key-hole, and we are still before the wall of neighbour Bompert."

"That is true," replied Monsieur Larquet; "we must go a few paces farther." They walked on; but this time they went too far, for as they had before recognized the door of their right-hand neighbour, they now found themselves in front of that of their neighbour on the left hand. Their own door ought to be between these two doors. They return, groping along the wall until they come to a door, which to their consternation they again find to be that of their right-hand neighbour! The honest couple become alarmed about the soundness of their wits, and begin to suspect that they must certainly both be tipsy. They recommence their inspections from the door of their neighbour on the left. They constantly find these two doors, but not a vestige of their own: their door has disappeared—vanished! Who could have taken away their door? Terror seizes them; they ask each other if they have become demented; and dreading the ridicule which would be cast upon honest citizens who could not find their own street-door, they grope about for more than an

hour, feeling, poking, inspecting, measuring; but alas! there is no door; there is nothing but a wall, an unknown wall, an implacable wall, a desperate wall! At length, terror completely overpowers them; they utter loud cries, and call lustily for assistance. The neighbours are attracted by the noise, and after some time, it is ascertained that the door of the distracted couple has been carefully bricked up, and plastered over; and when all are trying to discover who could have played such a pitiful trick upon these honest people, Ganguernet, who, in company with some kindred spirits, had been enjoying the tribulation and despair of Monsieur and Madame Larquet, Ganguernet shouts out his everlasting refrain: "A capital joke!" But, answered the neighbours, these poor folks will take their death of cold.

"Bah!" replies he; "a capital joke!"

The incensed neighbours petitioned the king's attorney to moderate Monsieur Ganguernet's strong inclination to play his mischievous pranks; and the magistrate sent our hero to prison for some days, in spite of his skilful defence, which consisted in incessantly repeating: "A capital joke!"—what a capital joke, Mr. Magistrate!

Notwithstanding his excessive vanity, Ganguernet did not, however, make boast of all his exploits; and there was one, the authorship of which he constantly denied, possibly in consequence of a threat that was held out of cutting off the author's ears, should he be detected. The trick in question was prompted by the contempt in which he was held in a certain aristocratic circle; and the subject was no less a personage than an ancient dame of high birth, and great pretensions, who mingled in the most fashionable society of Rennes.

Among other customs of the old school, which this lady retained, were the following: First, that of never mixing in the society of those of plebeian descent, such as Ganguernet; and secondly, that of always being carried in a sedan-chair by porters, when she went abroad. One evening she went to a ball, given by the first president of the court of assizes, a ball at which Ganguernet was also present. She left about midnight, carried as usual in her sedan-chair through a pelting shower of rain. At the moment she got under one of those loop-holes in the eaves-gutters, through which the rain pours down into the street in long dashing cascades, two or three shrill whistles were heard on the right and left hand. Immediately four men in masks made their appearance, at sight of whom the porters, abandoning their charge, took to their heels; but at the moment when the noble dame believed herself on the point of being assassinated, a terrible dash of cold water upon her head took away her breath, and almost deprived her of consciousness. The top of the chair had disappeared as if by magic, and the gutter poured its contents directly into the vehicle, the occupant of which in vain attempted to force open the door. She beat and thumped against it with fury, mounted the seat, and like an incarnate fiend, invoked the divine wrath upon the vile miscreants, who were giving her such a cruel shower-bath; and who only replied to her invectives by profound bows, and the most humble salutations. The worst part of this wicked trick was, that the lady wore hair-powder, and the mystifiers carried umbrellas.

My acquaintance with Ganguernet continued about ten years. In the low and vulgar circles of society which he was fond of frequenting, he was held up as the most jovial, the best-natured, and the most amusing fellow in the world; although there were some, whose sense of propriety and moral feelings were not entirely destroyed, who held him in merited contempt. For my own part, I always had a dread of the man. That odious smile, forever hanging on those large red lips, singularly annoyed me; that imperturbable gayety, exhibited on all occasions of life, troubled me like the constant presence of a hideous phantom; that phrase, which he appended like a moral to every thing he did, that detested phrase, "A capital joke," sounded in my ears as doleful and sombre as the Trappists' motto, "Brother, we must die!"

There was a fatality about the man; and it was destined that a life should be sacrificed to his mad propensity for mischief. A day came, on which his famous words, "A capital joke!" was to be pronounced over a tomb.

On the eve of my departure from Rennes, some friends invited me to join a hunting-party, of which I learned that Ganguernet was to make one. This name took from me in advance half the pleasure I had anticipated. I however repaired early in the morning to the house of one of our friends, Ernest de B—. On my arrival I found Ganguernet there with some others of the party. Ernest had just finished a letter, which he sealed, directed, and placed upon the chimney-piece. Ganguernet, in his usual inquisitive and impertinent manner, took it up, and read the direction. "Ah ha!" said he; "so you correspond with your pretty cousin, do you?"

"Yes," said Ernest, with an air of indifference; "I have informed her that we intend visiting her chateau this evening, at about seven o'clock, to take dinner there. There are fifteen of us I think, and we shall run some risk of having but poor fare, if she does not get timely notice."

Ernest rang for a servant, and gave him the letter, without any of us noticing that Ganguernet disappeared for a moment with him. We set off on our expedition. While engaged in the chase, it so happened that Ganguernet and myself took one side of the plain on which we were hunting, while the rest of the party pursued their sport on the other.

"We shall have some fun this evening," said he to me.

"How so?" replied I.

"Would you believe it! I have given a louis to the servant that he should not carry the letter to its address."

"And have you taken it?"

"No, pardieu! I told him we were going to have a little joke this evening, and that he must carry the letter to the lady's husband. He is sitting this moment as president of the court of assizes, and when he finds that he is going to have fifteen stout fellows, with keen appetites, at his house this evening, he will be in a devil of a rage. He is as miserly as Harpagon; and the idea of our laying his kitchen and wine-cellar under contribution will put him in such a humour, that he will have no scruple in condemning a dozen innocent men, so that he may reach his country-house in time to prevent the pillage."

"If this is the case," said I to Ganguernet, "it seems to me to be a very malicious jest."

"Bah! a capital joke! And the best of it will be when we all arrive at the chateau. The others, ravenous with hunger and thirst, will expect to find there an excellent supper. But there will be nothing—absolutely nothing!"

"And do you think, Sir," replied I, "that this will be any pleasanter to me than to the rest of the party? And you yourself, will you not be one of the principal dupes of your frolic?"

"Let me alone for that! Look you here; I've got a cold fowl and a bottle of Bordeaux in my game-bag, and you shall have half."

"I thank you," said I, "but I had rather find Ernest, and notify him of your trick."

"Ah! good heavens! my dear Sir," said Ganguernet, "you cannot take a joke."

I left him, and apprising our friends of the affair, inquired where I could find

Ernest. I was told that he had gone in the direction of the chateau of his cousin, toward which I proceeded, intending to give Madame de L— notice of the trick of Ganguernet. At a turn of the road I perceived Ernest at a distance, going toward the chateau. I increased my speed in order to overtake him, and made so much haste that I arrived almost at the same moment with him, so that he had just passed the gate as I reached it. As I was about entering, the gate was violently pulled to, and immediately I heard the report of a pistol, and then a voice cried out: "Villain! since I have missed you, defend yourself!"

I hastily sprang to a grating in the wall, about the height of my head, which opened into the court-yard, and there witnessed a frightful spectacle. The husband, sword in hand, was attacking Ernest with desperate fury. "Ah! you love her and she loves you!" cried he, in a voice hoarse with passion; "you love her, do you? and she loves you! Your turn first, and then hers!"

The letter from Ernest to his cousin, conveyed by the malicious interference of Ganguernet to her husband, had apprised him of a secret which had remained hidden for more than four years; and before redressing the wrongs of society as a magistrate, the president of the court had hastened to avenge his own as a husband.

In vain I cried, in vain I called by name the two cousins. Monsieur de L— with blind fury drove Ernest from one corner of the court to another. Suddenly a window opened, and Madame de L—, pale, with dishevelled hair, and terror painted on her countenance, appeared.

"Leonie!" cried Ernest, "withdraw!"

"No! let her remain!" exclaimed Monsieur de L—, "she is a prisoner; you need not fear that she will come to separate us." And he again rushed upon his cousin with such fury that the fire flew from their swords.

"It is I—it is I who deserve death!" cried Madame de L—; "kill me!"

I added my cries to theirs. I shouted, I shook the grating. I tried to scale the wall, when suddenly, urged on by despair, bewildered, distracted, Madame de L— threw herself from the window and fell between her lover and her husband. The latter, completely beside himself with passion, directed his sword toward her. But Ernest turned it aside, and in his turn casting off all restraint, exclaimed with vehemence: "Madman! would you kill her? Well, then—defend yourself!" And immediately he commenced a violent assault upon his antagonist.

I could do nothing to separate them; neither could Madame de L—. The unfortunate woman had broken a limb in the fall, and lay groaning upon the pavement. It was a dreadful combat. Nothing can express the violent terror which seized me. Already the blood of the two cousins began to flow, which only served to increase their rage. I had succeeded with some difficulty in climbing to the top of the wall, and was about to leap into the court, when I perceived some of our friends approaching. Ganguernet was at their head; he drew near, calling to me:

"Halloo! what's this? Why, you bawl like a man getting flayed; we heard you a quarter of a league off. What the devil is the matter?"

At the sight of this detested wretch, I rushed upon him, seized him by the throat, and forcing him violently against the grating, I cried to him in my turn: "Look there, miserable jester!—a capital joke! is it not?—a 'capital joke!'"

Monsieur de L—, pierced through the heart by a plunge of his antagonist's sword, was lying by the side of his wife.

Ernest has left France to die in a foreign land. Madame de L— committed suicide the day after this horrible duel.

"A CAPITAL JOKE!"

Knickerbocker.

VOISIN ON IDIOCY.

I now propose to offer a few explanations in reference to congenial imbecility, along with the definitions of Dr. Voisin of the Bicêtre, and the means he adopts for its melioration. I am not aware of any department in natural science which has been so much neglected as this, or upon which so little has been said with precision by any class of writers. In England, it cannot be said to have been written upon at all. The cause of this not very creditable neglect has probably been the idea that idiocy is determinate and incurable—is not a malady to be remedied by either the physician or the philanthropist. Pinel, of whom no one can speak but with respect for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the insane, observes with respect to idiocy, that it is "a general obliteration of the intellectual and active powers." This imperfect, if not delusive definition, was but slightly modified by the great Esquirol. "Idiotism," says he, "is that particular state in which the intellectual faculties are never manifested, or in which they are only imperfectly developed." Existing, then, under the ban of such a definition, the idiot, while commiserated and taken care of, is deprived of medical aid. For every other species of insanity, there are in Great Britain numerous hospitals, but not one asylum is open to receive the poor idiot. In France, however, the case is different. Public attention was first directed to the subject about thirty years ago by Ferrus, and his investigations have been diligently followed up by Falret, Leuret, Seguin, and lastly by Dr. Voisin, who has collected the substance of all that has been written by his predecessors—with the valuable addition of his own knowledge and experience—in an interesting pamphlet. Taking advantage of these accumulated investigations, I shall proceed to show where the ordinary notions of idiocy are incorrect, what idiocy really is, and lastly, narrate the means which have been used in France to ameliorate the pitiable state of those afflicted with it.

"To become acquainted," says Voisin, "with every species of idiocy—to know what deficiencies there are in the head of a human being—it is essential to know and understand the nature of man in the integrity of his attributes; it is necessary to know what are the instinctive, intellectual, moral, and perceptive elements which enter into the constitution of his understanding; in other words, the elements which, by their harmonious union, constitute man as an animal, and man as a moral, as an intellectual, and as a perceptive being. Idiocy may affect each or all these faculties; man may be afflicted partially or completely with idiocy; sometimes in his instincts of self-preservation and reproduction; sometimes in his moral sentiments; sometimes in his intellectual powers; and sometimes in his perceptive faculties; he may be deficient in any one of those fundamental powers, without any of the others ceasing to perform their individual functions. Finally—and this is the lowest stage—idiocy may be complete, destroying all the faculties, instinctive, moral, intellectual, and perceptive—when the shadow of the animal and of the man is all that can be perceived. In this point of view, then, idiocy is far from merely presenting that particular state in which the intellectual faculties are never manifested, or in which they are imperfectly developed." Dr. Voisin inquires, "is it not possible for an individual to possess more or less intelligence, and nevertheless be tainted with idiocy in his moral sentiments?" On the other hand, idiocy may especially taint the intellects, while it leaves the sentiments energetic, and the

desires strong. Drawing, therefore, a definition from the present state of science, idiocy may be described as either that peculiar state (complete idiocy) in which the ordinary instincts, the moral sentiments, and the intellectual and perceptive powers are never manifested; or at that particular state (partial idiocy) in which those attributes of our being are, either together or separately, but imperfectly developed. Having established that there are degrees and kinds of idiocy, Dr. Voisin proceeds to describe them, commencing with total idiocy.

Idiocy is seldom complete. There are, however, instances of it. In objects thus horribly afflicted, "all is reduced to a mere vegetative existence; respiration and digestion are the only functions which appear. In most cases the senses are alive and well assimilated; but they know not—if I may so speak—to whom to transmit impressions from the exterior world. The impression stops with the organ, with the ear or eye, and exercises no influence on the being. Nothing appears to have a destination in the organisation; all is vague and confused, without harmony or purpose; the eye is never fixed, the ear never listens; the imperious wants of hunger and thirst are felt in vain; food is placed before these unfortunates, but they have not the skill to convey it to their mouths. They evince neither attention, perception, desires, sentiments, affections, passions, nor intelligence—nothing that can impart the idea of an animal or of a man. I have seen, without being able to account for it, a singular trait in some of these idiots—a continual movement of the whole body forwards and backwards or from right to left; during which the arms hang down, and the head turns gently on its axis, and thus they saw the air for hours together. I have noticed the same sort of motion performed among the monkeys shut up in our menageries. I have also remarked, in reference to the cerebral development of such idiots, that in nearly all of them the brain is reduced to very small dimensions."

The next description of idiots, though not so ill-used by nature, are singularly dangerous to themselves and to society. Their lower propensities are completely and strongly developed, while their intellectual faculties and moral sentiments can be but faintly traced in their constitution. Another description of idiots are those, most of whose faculties are touched with, rather than destroyed by, idiocy. "I will explain myself," says Dr. Voisin, "by the simple exposition and interpretation of facts which daily pass under my eyes. The idiot of this species has the preservative instincts common to the human species; but he has not all of them—one, two, or three are wanting. He also possesses the moral sentiments, but he is without one or other of their superior attributes. The same by the intellectual and perceptive faculties, but their number is incomplete. We cannot place a person in this condition on a level with an ordinary organisation. His idiocy presents a manner so vague and general, that it must be regarded as being made up of partial idiocies which affect each order of his faculties."

I now proceed to consider the means of alleviation practised by Dr. Voisin, and recommended by his predecessors. "The first thing to be done," he says, "is to discover with certainty the actual condition of the patient; that is to say, the state of his instinctive, intellectual, moral, and perceptive faculties." With this knowledge, the physician applies himself to the work of education and instruction. "As all idiocy," says Dr. Voisin, "arises from a speciality of organisation, so it is to be cured or ameliorated by a speciality of education. All curative proceedings, therefore, must be based upon a knowledge of the predominating faculties and propensities of the patients. Whenever a glimmer of capability is observed, that is improved by instruction and encouragement, every effort being directed to the most prominent faculty." With a view to carrying his designs into effect, Dr. Voisin has, I believe, a private school for imbecile children belonging to the more opulent orders. He separates them into four classes, three of which contain patients whose condition nearly coincides with the description of the three sorts of idiots described above. The fourth comprehends children born of insane parents, and who are therefore fatally predisposed to insanity and other nervous affections. The idiot pauper children at the Bicêtre are classed in a similar manner.

With reference to his remedial measures, idiocy, as first described—that pitiable affection in its most awful form—the dawning hopes of prevention, rather than the possibility of alleviation or cure, can only be pointed at. "If, when observing individuals thus horribly mutilated," continues the doctor, "the physician can only deplore his utter inability he will own, nevertheless, that on these rudiments of the species, on these rude forms of humanity, science is able to make most interesting observations. Who knows that they may not end in discovering laws by which the irregularities of conformation will become manifest? When the brain does not present an extraordinary configuration—as frequently happens with idiots—and we can only trace the derangement to its tissue or to its membranes, who knows whether we may not arrive at a knowledge of the causes which inflame that organ, which have impeded the process of its nutrition, which have shackled its normal development, which have placed, as a destiny upon the individual, an invincible obstacle to the free, easy, regular, and effective manifestation of his faculties, instinctive, moral, intellectual, and perceptive? I nourish the hope that women will one day receive from their physicians instructions as salutary for themselves as for their unborn offspring." That much may be hoped from such investigations and their instructive results, there can be no question; for "natural idiocy," as it is called—that which afflicts children from their birth—has always been traced to the parents. In Scotland, for example, there is an idiot in almost every village, and this has been ascribed to the insufficient and innutritious food upon which the parents have lived, added to their half vegetative mode of existence—without energy, without excitement, almost without purpose.

In the second class of idiots—those whose brute propensities are completely and strongly developed, while their moral sentiments and intellects are weak—there is something, though little, which renders them susceptible to remedial treatment. Their passions are easily roused, and they readily fall under the power of external excitement. Hence they slightly profit by the instruction which is given them, but only in proportion to their small amount of natural intelligence. The third order of idiots approach more nearly to ordinary mankind, though deprived of some of the superior faculties, such as comparison and causality. Their wandering sensations, their vague sentiments, their indeterminate desires, the irregular succession of their ideas, the facility with which they become excited, their broken sentences, whether in substantives or verbs, when they labour under strong emotions—all prove the necessity of giving them a special education, for they have invariably some glimmer of intellect which enables them to receive instruction. Of the means Dr. Voisin employs to awaken such faculties as enable them to learn music, vocal and instrumental, I have already spoken. The school at the Bicêtre presents likewise a variety of adaptations for the imperfect mind. Objects are exhibited; colours are shown in connexion with the words by which they are indicated; figures and drawings are in a similar way represented; and much is done by mere play and amusement. A principal object is to lead to an association of ideas between sounds (words) and the things, actions, and qualities which these sounds express. For example, in order to teach the meaning of a thing being green, a

green card is shown, and the word for green sounded till caught up by dint of repetition; the next step is to connect this word with a green plant or a green field, and if this be done successfully, the child has thereby learnt to know the meaning of the term. Here is association of ideas. A step has been made in mental evolution. In this way, and by the exercise of untiring patience and kindness, an impression is made on the originally idiotic or vague faculties of the child, who is taught to do certain things with more or less propriety, to express his wants and feelings in language, and to be altogether a more social and manageable being. Dr. Voisin's operations have not been carried on a sufficient length of time to enable me to present anything like a complete view of them. His schools are still in their infancy, and all that can be said is, that he is visibly improving the capacities of his more tractable pupils; and when we remember what surprising alleviations are now effected in the condition of the cretins of Switzerland by means analogous to those described, we have reason to hope that Dr. Voisin's enthusiastic measures will not be altogether fruitless.

Such is a mere outline of the consideration in which idiots are held, and the remedies applied to them in France. The attention of the General Council of the French Hospital having been invited to the subject by means of the writings and earnest entreaties of the physicians named in the beginning of this article, they advised with Dr. Orfila as to the propriety of forming a separate hospital establishment for the reception of infant idiots. That eminent chemist and physiologist reported favourably of the plan, and at the beginning of the present year, a portion of the Bicêtre was granted to carry it out. The officers appointed were Dr. Voisin as chief physician, assisted by his medical colleagues at the Bicêtre, an instructor, an intelligent deputy, and a sufficient number of assistants. The good results of the system upon those unhappy objects who obtained admission into the idiot department of the Bicêtre have been pointed out from personal observations in a former article. The work of ameliorating and of remedying juvenile idiocy has already begun in France. "Let us hope," remarks Dr. Voisin, "that the example set by Paris will find imitators throughout Europe." I cordially echo the wish.

Miscellaneous Articles.

AN INDIAN SMUGGLER.

Gopal is at present about forty-two years of age, a tall, athletic man, with a most hideous muddy eye, having the glare of hell itself. It is said that he has always fifteen servants upon sated pay, and can in a few hours command the services of three hundred armed and desperate men. He is a smuggler of salt, and although mean in his apparel,—(how is it that the greatest geniuses are generally so slovenly? is it a law of nature?)—he asserts that his daily expenses exceed six rupees, and he must get them either by robbery or smuggling. The strength and vigour of the Calpee police may be fairly estimated by the fact, that Gopal has been known to walk into the dwelling-house of a rich merchant, in the centre of the most populous parts of the town, and when he was surrounded by his alarmed servants and family; he has very coolly selected the gold bangles of his children, and silenced the trembling remonstrances of the Mahajan by threats of his vengeance. Nor is this a solitary instance; but he pursues this line of conduct with so much tact and judgment, that he has now established his character, and is greatly respected in the city. When he murders, Gopal is equally above all concealment; as in the recent case of a sepahce returning with his savings for the subsistence of his family, who was waylaid and murdered by our hero in open day. After securing the plunder, he very coolly gave himself up to justice, acknowledging with the most praiseworthy candour, that he had killed the sepahce, who had first assaulted him. It was proved on the trial, that the sepahce was wholly unarmed. He was sentenced to be hung by the court of Hameerpoore, on his own confession; but so tender are Feringees, that Gopal was released, from want of evidence, by the Sudder Court at Calcutta. Their objection was excellent, though curious: it was, that if Gopal's confession were taken, it must be taken altogether, and not that part only which could lead to his conviction. Gopal was released, and now walks about in his Sunday clothes, or may be seen smoking a delicate chillum in the verandah of his brother's house. Gopal is a living evidence of British tenderness.

Davidson's Travel's in Upper India.

FORTUNATE INCIDENTS.

Evelyn was walking one day in a field near Says Court; he stopped for a moment to look in at the window of a poor solitary thatched house, and beheld a young man carving a cartoon of Tintoret, of which he had bought a copy at Venice. Evelyn requested permission to enter, and soon recommended the youthful artist to the patronage of Charles the Second. Such was the commencement of the fame of Gibbons. But for that walk and that listening of Evelyn, he might still have pursued his solitary toil unfriended and unknown:—it was a slight circumstance, a mere shadow upon the stream, but it was full of promise for his future fortunes. Tickell owed all his political prosperity to a little poem suggested by the opera of *Rosamond*. The late William Gifford was rescued from the penury and hardships of a coasting trader by the report and the sympathy of the fish-women who saw him playing ragged and neglected upon the beach of Brixham. And what is particularly deserving of notice is, that the very circumstances which seem to portend our injury or our ruin often promote to an extraordinary extent our prosperity and happiness. This apparent contradiction may be exemplified from the life of the present amiable and learned Professor Lee; whose early struggles to acquire knowledge amid the poverty and depression of daily labour, must be well known to many of our readers. He was by trade a carpenter, and had no means of extending his knowledge of languages except by exchanging the grammar of one for that of another. But no difficulties or privations could chill the fire of his enthusiasm; his only time of study was after the conclusion of his work in the evening; still he persevered. At length he married; and the expenses of his new manner of life not only obliged him to undertake severer toil, but seemed also to call for the abandonment of his literary pursuits; his evening as well as his morning hours were to be devoted to the hammer and the saw. At this critical juncture, the chest of tools upon which he depended for his subsistence, was consumed by fire, and destitution and ruin stared him in the face. His calamity proved his greatest blessing; his loss became known, attracted attention to his character, and friends were not long wanting to assist the patient and struggling scholar. But for the burning of that chest of tools, the Cambridge Professor of Hebrew might at this instant have been mending a window-frame at Bristol, instead of occupying a stall in its cathedral. *Fraser's Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY AND REMARKABLE ILLUSION.

The following novel case came on on Wednesday last before the commissioners of the Westminster Court of Requests, and created considerable as-

tonishment and laughter. A cab proprietor, named Watson, summoned Mr. George Wild, the lessee of the Olympic Theatre, for £5, under the following singular circumstances:—In order to give due effect to a scene representing the cab stand at Temple bar, in the new drama of the *Road of Life*, a real cab and horse had been engaged by Mr. Wild, to be driven off the stage by him, as a cabman, at the end of the first act, being hired off the rank by one of the characters, who orders the cabman to drive him to Blackwall. The cab owner, of whom the vehicle was hired, happening a few nights since to be in the gallery of the theatre there saw his horse and cab on the stage, and heard the order given to drive to Blackwall. Under an extraordinary hallucination that the horse and cab actually had gone to Blackwall every night during the past six weeks, without his knowledge, he summoned Mr. Wild for £5, being at the rate of half-a-crown a night, fare to Blackwall. The plaintiff stated his case to the commissioners, positively declaring that the cab had gone every night to Blackwall. Mr. Lewis, treasurer of the Olympic Theatre, appeared in court for Mr. Wild, and explained to the commissioners the extraordinary and almost incredible delusion under which the plaintiff was labouring. "The fact is, gentlemen," said Mr. Lewis, "both Temple-bar and Blackwall have been brought within the walls of the Olympic Theatre; Temple bar is on the stage, and Blackwall (the destination of the cab) is in the painting-room." Plaintiff: Well, I declare I thought the cab went to Blackwall, and no gammon. I let my horse and cab to the theatre; and, of course when I thought it was used to take somebody to Blackwall, I wanted my regular fare—I don't understand their stage deceptions.—The court was convulsed with laughter during the hearing of the case, especially at the opening, when it actually seemed almost doubtful whether the plaintiff could be convinced of his strange mistake. The matter was finally settled by the dismissal of the summons, Mr. Wild reimbursing the cabman for his loss of time and costs. Standard.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.

We believe there is now exhibiting in London a new electric apparatus, called Armstrong's Hydro-Electric Machine, the power of which far exceeds anything ever before shown. The production of electricity by steam, like many other important discoveries, was purely accidental. In 1840, a workman at Newcastle happened to thrust his hand into the steam discharged by a common boiler, when he received a severe shock, for which he could not account. This fact being mentioned, Mr. Armstrong applied himself to a series of experiments which proved that the workman received an electric shock, and that the common steam-boiler was capable of producing a more copious and powerful stream of electricity than any other apparatus. The machine now exhibiting at the Polytechnic Institution is nothing more than an ordinary boiler, with a few metal points added at the top, the more effectually to produce the negative electrical state to which the machine is brought when the steam is discharged. One of the trials of this new machine is thus described in the various scientific journals:—"The pressure of ninety pounds on the square inch had been, in practice, found the best for all experimental purposes; and, with this pressure, the machine produced effects, compared with which the very large electrical machine heretofore exhibited at the institution was powerless. Instead of sixty spontaneous discharges in a minute, the Hydro-Electric machine produced one hundred and forty; and filled Leyden jars, having eighty square feet of tinfoil, in twelve seconds, whilst the former machine filled them only in fifty seconds. A constant stream to all parts of the boiler was kept up, and with this increased power it may well be supposed that all the former electrical experiments were greatly increased in magnificence. The passage of the electricity over the tinfoil on the tubes was far more brilliant, and the aurora borealis exceeded in intensity and in beauty anything before witnessed; the violet colour was brighter, and at the same time deeper, and the exhausted receiver showed more plainly the progress of the electric spark. Five discharges were taken consecutively from the battery over beaten metal, placed upon paper, in a less space of time than could possibly have occurred by the aid of any electric machine hitherto made. Nor were the experiments confined to those already performed, increased though they were in brilliancy. The electricity was passed through, and ignited common wood shaving; and an electric spark easily and immediately ignited loose gunpowder." With such a power yet unworked in experimental philosophy, it is impossible to predict what important results may be brought to light. The common electrical apparatus has been but of limited use in the arts and sciences, principally from the difficulty of attaining sufficient and equable power, a difficulty which is at once obviated by Mr. Armstrong's giant machine.

OROPHOLITHE.

A new material for roofing houses, lining tanks, cisterns, &c., is coming into notice, under the above name, which, as far as experiments have shown, bids fair to be brought into extensive use. The Mining Journal describes it as a fine gritty cement laid by machinery upon light open canvass, forming a substance rather thicker than common oil-cloth, for which purpose it is offered as a substitute. It is manufactured in various colours and designs, with this advantage that the colours penetrate the solid material, and, consequently, the pattern lasts as long as the fabric, which is so hard, that the blade of a knife may be rubbed away upon it as effectually as on a grindstone. In use it forms a continuous surface, being laid in large sheets, lapped on the edges, and joined together with cement itself, and generally weighs about 13 lbs. to the square yard. It can be laid down at about half the price of zinc, and even considerably less than slates or tiles; and its extreme lightness and impermeability to water and damp, render it particularly suitable for all building purposes, while its portability will enable the emigrant to avail himself of its advantages—furnishing him with a light and durable material for roof, walls, and floor, while it prevents the harbouring of newts, scorpions, lizards, and other noxious and disagreeable vermin. A French company for the manufacture of this fabric has been some years in existence, and is scarcely able to meet the demand. It is sanctioned by the government and the Royal Institute of France; and in England it has been employed at the government works at Deptford; the Royal Botanic Society of London have also used it extensively in their buildings, and several architects and engineers of eminence are adopting it in preference to any of the old modes of roofing, &c.

THE PROGRESS OF THE "UNCOMFORTABLE DUMMIES."

"For example, who taught thee to speak? From the day when two hairy-naked, or fig-leaved human figures began, as uncomfortable dummies anxious no longer to be dumb, but to impart themselves to one another, and endeavoured with gaspings, gesturings, with unsyllabled cries, with painful panto mime and interjections, in a very unsuccessful manner—between that day and this, I say, there has been a pretty space of time, a pretty spell of work which somebody has done. Thinkest thou there were no poets till Dan Chaucer? no heart burning with a thought which it could not hold, and had no word for

and needed to shape and coin a word for—what thou callest a metaphor, trope, or the like?"

The origin and perfection of languages are indeed the mystery of mysteries, and such must it remain until we can find a solution of the following problem:—

"A thousand, nay, a million of children, could not think of inventing a language. While the organs are pliable there is not understanding enough to form the conception of a language; and by the time that there is understanding the organs have become too stiff for the task; therefore say the advocates for the divine origin of language, mankind in all ages must have been speaking animals, the young having constantly acquired this art by imitating those who were older; and we may warrantably conclude that our first parents received it by immediate inspiration."

But an inspired language must have been perfect, uniform, universal, and would not have been forgotten; whereas we have endless varieties of tongues, some of which are exceedingly defective, while others have been totally lost. And yet the human origin of language is equally inexplicable; so that the inquirer is left midway between the horns of the dilemma. How many days, months, years, must Carlyle's two "uncomfortable dummies"—solitary specimens of Horace's "*mutum et turpe pecus*"—have sat ruminating ere they could have dreamt of making so silent and secret a thing as thought public and audible; and when they had found the notion of representing ideas by sounds, how must they have been puzzled to select and utter such outward noises, as might afford the best clue to the inward meaning; to decide how the head and heart shops should hang out the most appropriate signs and symbols!

Such instinctive utterances as men shared with animals, and which may be so far termed an universal and imperishable language, were doubtless the first unsyllabled attempts at speech: names for persons, places, and invisible things would probably suggest themselves from some real or fancied resemblance to their prototypes, so as to form a species of vocal portraits; but how paint with the tongue an abstract idea, how give the vocalised likeness of a compound mental conception? And when all this, and a thousand times as much, has been accomplished, how immeasurable is the distance from such rude elements to that most subtle, complicated, and inexplicable triumph of human art—the formation of a perfect language!

TEN UPON ELEVEN.

Monsieur Jarvais had a steed for sale, which he recommended as "one ver fine animalle—one horse elegant extraordinaire."

"How old do you call him?" asked the purchaser.

"How old!" said the Frenchman; "vy sar he is sumson like *ten upon eleven*."

"No older!"

"No sair, he is no older vat I tell you."

"On your honour!"

"Oui, sare, on me very sacre honour, vat me tell you is the trute—he is no older as *ten upon eleven*; me no cheaty you avec de azghe de horse. He is no more as vat I tell you."

The horse was purchased under full belief that he was no more than ten or eleven years old. But the new owner was a short time afterwards told, by a judge of horse flesh, that he had got monstrously bitten by the Frenchman in regard to the age of the steed which was at least twice as old as he purchased him for.

Upon this he went in a great fury to the Frenchman, and exclaimed—

"Confound your French tongue! the horse is twice as old as you said."

"Sair," exclaimed Jarvais, with well feigned astonishment.

"Sir, I'll sare you, you lying smooth tongued scoundrel."

"Me lie! me one scoundrel! vot for you accuse me! ha! You is von lie yourself—you is von grand impudence, begar! You come here to curse me for lie begar."

"You needn't bristle up to me, Monsieur, I can eat up two Frenchmen just like you at one meal."

"Diable! Vat! You eaty me—you von diable dam! You von savage—von wild animalle bruit, begar!"

"There is no use in all that Monsieur. You're a lying villain; you told me a cock and bull story about the age of that horse which is all no such thing."

"Begar! 'tis no such thing; 'tis no bull and cock, vat me sells you de horse. Sare, you be—"

"What!"

"Tuder von grand mistake, sare; von grand mistake, I say nothing at all about a bull and a cock. I sell him you von horse. Mon Dieu!"

"But you cheated me in the age. The horse, I am credibly informed, is at least twenty, if not twenty-one years old!"

"Oui, Oui, dat is the azghe; yes, sare, dat is what I call him."

"The devil it is! you told me he was ten or eleven."

"No sare, I no tell you he ten or eleven. Dat is one grand mistake, sare. Dat leetle word you put in, me no put him dare. Me say de horse *ten upon eleven*."

"Well what's the difference?"

"Difference! Be gar! you von English Americane, and you not know de difference tell betwixh you Anglishe vord! Or—he no *upon—upon*—he no or. Me no Anglishe, but sare dare one grand difference betwixh do two leetle vord."

"I know there's difference," replied the purchaser, "but you meant to cheat me in the age of the horse; you meant I should understand you ten or eleven."

"Sare," returned the Frenchman, coolly, "dere is vere you make de grand mistake. I tell you de horse vas *ten upon eleven*; dat is vat me understand ten more eleven—vat you call von and de twenty."

"But you meant to deceive me," said the purchaser, doggedly.

"Deceive you! Mon Dieu! me deceive you von Americane Yankee, vot cheat de diable. Be gar! me sell honest horse for vot you call von and de twenty; me no can possibly cheat you Be gar; 'tis no cart dat you put de horse afore, de honest azghe of de horse is vot I tells you, ten on eleven, and be gar, you find him so."

A Night Chase.—Not long ago we gave a striking military picture, by Colonel Napier, of an attacking column. The following vivid description of a night chase at sea, by a naval writer in the *United Service Journal*, may be placed as a fitting companion beside it. A ship under all sail, believed to be an enemy is described:—"We immediately gave chase, and made the night signal as soon as possible. As, however, it remained unnoticed, and no signal was made in return, the drum beat to quarters, and a very few minutes sufficed to have the ship ready for action. Although the chase, when first seen, was not far from us, and we neared her pretty fast, as she was right a-head, and moving from us

under all sail as fast as she could, we did not get within hail of her for nearly half an hour, affording leisure for serious thought and reflection. * * And, certainly, after the bustle and excitement attendant upon a sudden call to quarters is over—when the guns are all cleared and laid, and everything at quarters is now in its proper place—when expectation and anxiety, by the protracted chase, are raised to a painful degree—and a silence, a stillness almost breathless, only broken at times by a whispered order from a Lieutenant giving some necessary directions, succeeds to hurried preparation—I own I have felt, at such a time, a thrilling solemnity, approaching to awe, which I never knew when the broad clear day gave light to such scenes. Then the dusky figures of the sailors with arms bared, and heads and loins girded for the strife, or their hats ornamented with pieces of oakum twisted hard for vents, appeared of larger proportions, as seen by the doubtful light; and as, with folded arms and bent determined brows, they pass, from time to time, with silent step, between you and the fighting lanterns, whose feeble rays scarce serve to penetrate the gloom—the whole offers a picture not unworthy the painter's art."

Popular Errors.—It is an error to suppose that the stature of man is diminished, for the lengths men go to in the present day was never surpassed. The tallest men are to be found in Lankashire. It is a vulgar error that beer is turned sour by thunder. The fact is that beer may be turned sour by lightening, which does not know how to conduct itself.—*Comic Almanack for 1844.*

Uncommon Case of Accidental Death.—Richard Shute, Esq., a magistrate of the county of Devon, in the course of his evidence before the county rate commissioners, gives an instance in illustration of the fact, that in rural districts and small towns the local connections and associations of the people are so strong, that it is often difficult to obtain through them an impartial administration of justice.

"About three years ago, a very worthless fellow went into a beer-house in this parish, but not tipsy. Whether he had an antipathy to the party or not, I never could fully ascertain; but he told a man who was at work in the room he would shoot him, took from his pocket a poacher's gun in two parts, put it together, placed a cap on the gun, and took a deliberate aim at the man; it, however, missed fire; he then took out another cap and put it on the gun, and fired again, and shot him dead. The jury were summoned from the neighborhood, and, in defiance of these facts, returned a verdict of 'accidental death.' The next may succeed as a farce to the tragedy."

Duty of a Parish Constable.—A gentleman conversant with the state of the rural administration in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, who was examined before the constabulary-force commissioners, speaking as to the difficulty of procuring the aid of a constable, says—"From other information, and from my own observation, I have learned, that in case of beer-shop disturbances, or general riot, this functionary says, 'Nay, I mun gang out at way, for I'm constable.'"

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1844.

By the Packet Ship *England* we have English files to the 9th ult.; the intelligence communicated is not of any remarkable interest. Her Majesty and Prince Albert have been on a visit at Belvoir Castle, the magnificent and picturesque seat of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.

The recent English files convey the intelligence that Earl Spencer—better known here as the great Whig Minister, Lord Althorpe—has come out quite unequivocally against the Corn-Laws. That his lordship should incline to Free Trade opinions was partly to be expected from the complexion of his politics, yet he never made any prominent stand thereon during the time he held office; but, after retiring altogether from political life to the cultivation of his estates, or at most to the giving his assistance in county and local affairs, to come forward so expressively and so publicly as he did at the Mayor's dinner at Northampton, shews at least that his convictions have gathered strength by experience, and that he should do injustice both to his own principles and to the public weal by retaining his opinions to himself. We must not forget that all parties used to join in calling him the "honest Lord Althorpe," nor that, with a very superior discernment in agricultural affairs, he was likewise a warm promoter of agricultural improvements and a staunch supporter of its interests. It is plain now that the conversions, even among the aristocracy, are becoming so numerous, and being, as it were, wrong from unwilling prejudices, that the cause of Free Trade is fast gaining its proper ascendancy.

Mr. O'Connell continues to make his speeches, which, it cannot be denied, appear to be as popular in the ears of his listeners as ever, but it is necessary to remark that they do not denounce as formerly, they are not so fulminatory as formerly, and they are much more evidently indices of peaceable measures than formerly. Peace, order, and obedience to the laws run through every paragraph of his discourses, much more frequently than we have ever perceived at any former period, and it is quite evident that every step must be warily taken. He would gladly escape scot-free,—that is plain enough, but with all his sagacity, with all the keenness of his penetration, with all the watchfulness which his position requires, it is quite evident that he does not yet perceive the means of extrication from the meshes into which he has got himself entangled. In proof of this we would refer to his latest speech at Limerick, which we give in our news columns, and would ask if he is not in the condition of one who is playing the latter part of a difficult and losing game of chess. He shifts, he turns, he considers, he balances. Now he takes a view of the Irish Attorney-General's play, and would throw the learned gentleman and his coadjutors off their centre by irritating them through his speeches,—a scheme acute enough, were it not that his plan is pretty well known; next he appeals to an *honest jury* which he affects to believe would never convict him—this is *ad captandum vulgus*; his next argument is an appeal to their recollections how easily he stopped the Clontarf meeting, although he only had so limited a time in which to use

his influence—a fallacy which he was well aware of, but which he knew he could use to good account; again, he would make the Attorney-General influenced by private and malevolent motives to more severe persecution—which neither Mr. O'Connell himself nor his audience believed; then he hints at a proposed amnesty between the government and himself, upon certain conditions—which would be both ridiculous and unstatesmanlike; and finally appeals to those present whether he had not been constant and uncompromising in the cry of "Repeal," when all the world knows that during the Whig Ministry he had but kept it as a rod held "in terrorem" over the heads of that vacillating administration, in order to prosper the other ends he had in view. He talks also of the offer of assistance from America,—by which we should understand the wishes and the money subscriptions from a few persons in America, but nothing direct or indirect from either states, governments, or public functionaries, unless indeed the indiscreet yelpings of Master Robert Tyler may be considered as such. In short, though the speech before us has all the airs of specious candour which mark the oratory of the Agitator, there is, to us at least, a hollow, empty sound in it all. It does not "ring true," and we are impelled to exclaim, "Does all this carry any conviction with it?" However, as Mr. O'Connell says, "Peace still is my command," and as he fancies he can command, and is endeavouring to render his followers familiar to the term from his lips, we presume there will at least be "peace" till he shall "command" otherwise, and it will not suit his purpose to do so for some time to come. There is at least comfort in that.

The (New York) DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for the present month has a remarkably clever article on the subject of the State Debts, a portion of which we have transcribed into our columns to-day. By the term clever, however, as applied to the whole, we would be understood as ingenious in the way of exculpation, though somewhat jesuitical in the manner in which many of its arguments are applied. The writer assumes, with justice, the proud position that the United States as a whole are the first who have paid off to the last dollar the principal and interest of their public debt; that is a position which defies attack, and shame would it be to any party to grudge the whole United States the credit of it. The misfortune of the case is that it does not apply in the matter of the States separately considered. Another misfortune to his argument is the manner in which he attempts to "carry the war over the frontier," and wrests the position of the English non-specie period most disingenuously, so much so that we think he cannot have well considered the import of his expressions when he committed them to writing. In most other parts of his arguments he has shewn a fair degree of candour, and he has even defended the plea of the Rev. Sidney Smith with a sincerity of language that we were hardly prepared to expect. One argument, by the bye,—and it is with us an exceptionable one—we cannot pass by without comment; it consists in laying the blame on the readiness and abundance of English capital, as an inducement to the borrowing States to take up loans more readily and less deliberately than they ought to have done; and then his bewailing that although the loans were originally made by the millionaires the stock has gradually become distributed among widows, orphans, and persons in moderate or comparatively indigent circumstances. We would ask him from whom but great capitalists did he expect the loans to emanate in the first instance, and, into what channels did he expect the several streams to be divided? He surely must be aware that the far greatest sufferers by the calamitous conflagration in this city, of the year 1835, were not the parties whose property was burnt, but the widows, the orphans, the people of small property who had invested in the Insurance Companies, originally started by Capitalists. Therefore the borrowers had a right to be aware that the failure of their obligations would lie heavy on those who could ill afford to bear it.

We do indeed believe with the writer that the time will arrive when all the several States of America will acknowledge and fully pay their public debts, principal and interest; most of them from sentiments of honour and justice, interest in their governments and moral feelings, and the rest—but there is no occasion to pry too deeply into motives, so that the effects be beneficial, and this we trust will be the case in the long-run.

THE OREGON QUESTION.—Notwithstanding the dismay which it was intended by fearful alarmists to throw over the peaceful communities both here and in England, we perceive with delight, but certainly without surprise, that the Oregon question is likely to meet with prompt attention by the British government, and that a special minister will be charged by the latter with the discussion of the question, at Washington itself. There are many wrong-headed enthusiasts—we will not charge their hearts—who perceiving only the happy consequences of British policy, and the influential effect of her arms in vexed cases, get hold of the notion that Great Britain possesses a rage for acquisition, and consider the results of her commercial policy, enterprising spirit, and open line of conduct, to be but artifices for the purpose of enlarging an already too bloated empire. It is no such thing. With the commercial and political relations so largely and so long held by her, she must necessarily take due steps for maintaining them intact, and for keeping open all the means of inter-communication which constitute the soul of her existence. But there is nothing savouring of the Czar or the Napoleon in her projects; she possesses all that she wants or wishes for, in extent of dominion, and we may safely assert for her that she is both prompt and willing to end all differences, to clear all doubts, and to render justice to every government with which she has relations. It was well understood when Lord Ashburton was here that his lordship had not instructions upon the Oregon affair, neither was it pressed upon him; but when the matter is urged strongly we know not anything more honourable she could have done in the premises than to send directly to the government with which there is collision an accredited minister to discuss it fully, fairly, and conclusively. In

this light we are happy to perceive it is viewed in Congress; liberality educed liberality, and we do not see any ground for the especial prediction of Mr. Allen, of "a great war with England during the next generation."

In Texas affairs we perceive that President Houston, in his Message, gives a highly favourable account of the relations existing, or in progress, between that Republic and the governments of Europe. It would seem that with France, the Netherlands, Great Britain, and even with Spain, there is every probability the friendly intercourse and commercial reciprocities are increasing, but that the Republic of Mexico continues immovable in the resolution that nothing short of a full return by Texas to her allegiance to the Mexican government will content the latter. This is all natural enough; but Mexico is evidently standing on her dignity at the expense of her judgment, and nothing is more ridiculous than to fulminate threats which are well known to be idle and impracticable. The President of Texas does not make any allusion to the rumoured proposal of union with the United States, but the news is that the question continues to be agitated there strongly.

THE SHIP YORKSHIRE.

On Saturday last the Yorkshire gentlemen resident in this city, assembled on board the splendid Packet Ship named after their native county at their own request, for the purpose of fulfilling their pledge to present the owners with the Flags, Signals, and Cabin cutlery for that magnificent vessel. On this occasion the admittance on board was by ticket only, deliverable at the gangway, and thus a select but large party was present at the formality of the presentation. A profusely hospitable *dejeuner à la fourchette* was spread forth in the cabins, at which, however, not more than a fourth of the assembly could at once set down; but when at last "the rage of hunger was appeased," and while yet the popping of champagne corks was as brisk as the discharge of musquetry in a field skirmish, the cabins being literally crammed with guests,—Henry Jessop, Esq., stepped forward, and in behalf of his fellow-Yorkshiremen and himself, commenced the proceedings of the assemblage in the following neat and impressive terms:—

"Capt. Marshall,—Sir, my respected friends and fellow-countrymen, natives of that district of Old England of which I also am proud to call myself one, have deputed to me an honourable and pleasing duty, which I wish I were able to discharge more adequately to its importance, than my lack of eloquence will permit me to hope. Of course you are aware, Sir, that the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, resident in this city, have large intercourse with their native land, its manufactures, and its products, and that these call for a large connection with the shipping interests of this city, of which the respected *Old Black Ball Line* is the most conspicuous with them. This large and intimate connection gradually induced the desire to see a Ship named the *Yorkshire*, in the line by which they were so well pleased to import; and it gives me the most heartfelt gratification to report to you, the deep satisfaction they experienced, when you so frankly assented to their expressed wish, that a Ship so named should be placed in the Line. [Cheers.]

"But, Sir, my fellow-countrymen and friends have not been contented to express their feelings in mere words; they have been desirous to place an abiding proof of their thanks for your prompt compliance with their wishes, and of their respect for yourself, on record, and they have thought that the most appropriate expression of them would be, the presentation of the Flags, Signals, and Cabin Cutlery to the Ship sailing under that venerated name of *The Yorkshire*.—[Great Cheering.]

"I have now, Sir, the honour and pleasure of delivering these into your hands, and, with them, the fervent wishes of all whom I have now the honour to represent, for the safety and prosperity of the Good Ship *Yorkshire*, and for your own happiness and success through life."

At the conclusion of this address the company saluted Mr. Jessop with "three times three" cheers, and the applause continued for some time. After which C. H. Marshall, Esq., replied as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—I rise upon this occasion under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances, as I feel incompetent to the task of making a suitable reply to the very flattering compliment paid to the owners of the *Yorkshire* in the presentation of a splendid suit of Flags, and service of Cutlery, and therefore I could have wished that this task had fallen into abler hands. One who would have done it the justice which the compliment merits. But you are aware that I am much more familiar with the rigging and sailing of a ship than in speech making. [Hear.] It is due, however, to the highly respected class of our fellow-citizens, who have made a presentation to the *Yorkshire* of a magnificent suit of Flags, that I should make some response to their liberality, and to state that the small tribute of respect paid to their county, in the naming of this ship, is justly due. To the Yorkshire Gentlemen residing in this city, the owners of the *Old Black Ball Line* owe more for their support and patronage in the way of freight and passengers, than to any other county in England, and it has been a matter of great surprise to me that this small compliment, so deservedly due, should have been protracted to this late period. [Cheers.] I would further remark in justice to the Yorkshire Gentlemen, and candor claims it from me to say, that the introduction of the Line of Packets in 1817, which was at that time and long after considered a wild and visionary scheme, and one that could not be attended with success, was projected and carried into successful operation by a Yorkshireman. [Great Applause.] I allude to the late lamented John Thompson. To this Gentleman, long since removed from the ills of this life, the city of New York owes much for its present mercantile prosperity. He it was who was the prime mover in this glorious undertaking of establishing a regular line of Packets between this City and Liverpool. His loss will long be felt by seafaring men, for he was truly their friend, to which I can bear ample testimony; and although this tribute of respect has been so long neglected, I still regard it as among the happy circumstances of my life that it has remained for me, to make the amende honourable. [Cheers.] I hope that the name has been given to a ship that will do them much honor and credit. In conclusion I beg to tender in behalf of myself and the other owners of this ship, my sincere thanks for their liberal presentation and to wish them health and prosperity."

This reply was honoured with the same course of cheers from the Yorkshire gentlemen and the visitors present; after which a series of toasts were commenced to which ample justice were done. First and foremost, of course, was that of "Capt. Marshall, and the *Old Black Ball Line*," to which that gentleman made a handsome response; next was "Capt. Bailey, commander of

the *Yorkshire*," then "Lord Morpeth," and, for a reply, Dr. Cheetham was loudly called; this gentleman, who is from Staley Bridge, Lancashire, and is a Minister of the Royal College of Surgeons, in England, delivered an eloquent eulogium on the public and private virtues and good qualities of that estimable nobleman. Next came "the ladies of *Yorkshire*," which was replied to by William Barber, Esq.; then followed "The health of Henry Jessop, Esq.," who, having departed, that of "The Editor of the *Anglo American*" was given, and Mr. Paterson replied to both. Next came that of the warm-hearted Yorkshireman "John Taylor, Jun. Esq.," who unfortunately was absent on this joyous day, but one continuous flood of musical honours were accorded to the toast. Thus, and still longer protracted, went on the hours with toasts and sentiments grateful to all hearts, until the evening was concluded.

But not even yet was the Yorkshire liberal spirit wrought out. A widow lady, a native of the city of York, carrying on an extensive business here, as a Carver and Gilder, upon learning of this effusion of the Yorkshire feeling was desirous of gratifying her own recollections of Fatherland by contributing her mite. Accordingly she prepared a beautiful ornamental picture frame, with appropriate devices and surrounding an engraved portrait of Queen Victoria, and forwarded it on Tuesday as a present to Capt. Bailey, of the Ship *Yorkshire*, with a note expressive of her feelings.

The *Yorkshire* will commence her first voyage on Tuesday next, and we understand she will be full of passengers. She is truly a beautiful craft, and her accommodations are unsurpassed. Her state-rooms are spacious and comfortable, and she possesses all the capabilities for making a sea-voyage pleasant to those who sail in her, whether their berths be forward or aft. We say, therefore, most fervently, "Success to the good ship *Yorkshire*."

THE ANGLO SAXONS.—[Continued.]

To trace the history of the Anglo Saxons in such a manner as to exhibit somewhat of the Divine plan of moral government which is everywhere confessed, and to point out the great destinies and responsibilities which belong to that race, it is necessary to travel very far back to obtain a good starting place. Nevertheless the higher we advance into the regions of antiquity, the more extensively are we under the necessity to range the wide field of conjecture. An enquirer into those times need never want a hypothesis, he will find abundance of such articles cut and dry to his hand, and his chief labour will be to make them harmonise with subsequent facts and results. But although it is impossible, even by the aid of voluminous histories and by reference to the best human authorities, to pronounce *ex cathedra* upon the correctness of any particular account of the early settlements of mankind on the earth, it is always fair to reason from analogy, and judge moderately of things which we do not certainly know, by things which we do know, so that conjecture being aided by probability may fairly assume much of the nature of certainty.

Before, however, we begin to follow the paths of the earliest emigrants from the plains of Shinar, it may be well to take a survey of the actual geography of that period. It is well believed that the eastern and southern directions were pursued by the first wanderers, before the western was attempted; and as for the northern, it seems evident that the peopling of that region has throughout been *ex necessitate*; the others being previously occupied. It is thought, and the idea is not an unreasonable one, that the present basin of the Mediterranean was originally a large valley, interspersed with eminences such as still appear above the water of that sea, and that the Black Sea and the Caspian were but one sheet of water; that either a violent shock of earthquake or the eruption of one of the great volcanoes successively opened the strait of the Mediterranean whilst it emptied a portion of the bed of the Black and the Caspian Seas. Now assuming these possible, nay probable positions, we have at once a sufficient reason for the entire peopling of the southern and eastern parts of the old world, earlier than any other, the original departure being from the country around Babylon, and the great seas, as they would then be called, forming all-sufficient barriers against the progress of a simple people who had not yet, perhaps, got beyond the invention of a coracle.

This being premised, the probable courses of the wanderings are easily perceptible. Some passed along the western side of the Persian Gulf down to the lower extent of the Arabian Peninsula, from which they crossed the Red Sea and became inhabitants of Egypt and Africa generally; some passed through Palestine and the Isthmus, overcoming those who had crossed the Red Sea, and forming the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings; some taking to the eastern side of the Persian Gulf, and occupying all the lands between it and the Indus; some pursuing their course in a more easterly direction at length found the rich and fertile Peninsula of Hindoostan a resting place for themselves and their posterity; and some finding no stop to their wanderings until they entered the great plains of Cathay or China. All that comes under the general denomination of Tartary, all that was occupied by the Nomadic families was comparatively of little value, yet dearly cherished by these who loved a life of the field, of freedom, and of continual variety. Of course many generations would be overpast, many modifications of manners, feelings, government, and language would have taken place before the people of the world would be situated and, as it were settled, as we have described, yet such, we feel satisfied, was the *modus operandi* of peopling the earth. With regard to the west it is more than probable that its settlement was commenced by emigrants going round the east and north of the Caspian or through the Caucasian countries when they were opened by the recession of the waters, for, in the latter case, there are very plain evidences of a former bed of waters reaching between the two seas. Thus the passage would be chiefly through Thrace and Macedonia towards Hertia and Italia, for southern Greece was too rugged to attract early settlement, and we know that the early Grecians were in a wretchedly savage state before they got their first lessons in civilization from Phœnicia, Egypt, and Crete. The middle

and northern portions of Europe were probably peopled by successive companies from Western Tartary, and thus all the Scythian regions received by degrees their inhabitants.

These swarms, then, issuing from the same sources, ought to be much of the same character, mentally, physically, and in all respects. And this was originally true of them generally; for what were the early Greeks, the Etrurians, the Latin nations, the Gauls, the Lusitanii, the Celteberii? Were they not all at first warlike, jealous of Freedom? Those of the rich and southern parts more readily relaxed of their energies, whilst those who continued to fill up the Germanic, the Belgian, the Celtic, the Scandinavian, and the Scythian portions of Europe continued longer in their pristine vigour as having more to encounter in obtaining sustenance and safety, and in asserting and maintaining their independence. Degeneracy, more or less, is the certain consequence of removal into warmer climate, richer soil, more abundant crops, and greater leisure; not only the history of the ancient people of the world, but that of every day in our own times proves it. The people who sat down in the plenty issuing from the annual overflow of the Nile, became an easy prey to the Hyksos, and could not have driven them out; but the latter liked the pastoral life too well and gradually but voluntarily withdrew. The settlers in India, by degrees, relaxed essentially of their original vigour, and they have in all successive generations been the prey of the bold Tartars of central and western Asia, or of their troublesome neighbours in the wild regions west of the Indus. The Chinese who enjoy the luxuries of climate and soil degenerated; they were obliged to submit to the Tartar yoke which has long been heavy on their neck. Modern Persia, shorn of all its ancient splendour, trembles at the prospect of invasion by Khoord and Tartar antagonists; as for the vast empire of Asiatic Turkey, Syria, &c., a Tartar race sits on the throne of the Casars, and its eastern provinces are much more under the real dominion of the Tartar than the Turk.

But this is not all; up to a certain point we see the faculties of man sharpened as he recedes from the warm and relaxing regions, but beyond that point a similar effect is produced as from the other extreme. We find a Russian, a Dane, a Norwegian, acute. We proceed even to Iceland and find it so; but beyond, when we survey the Samoiede, the Laplander, the Esquimaux, and the Greenlander, the glory of human nature is put down, the faculties have become torpid, except those two which are perhaps the only instincts of our being; the preservation and maintenance of our existence. Endurance is with them the only virtue, and the manly resident of the temperate regions looks towards the equator with contempt, and towards the pole with disgust.

SCARLET FEVER.

[This dreadful disease has been and is spreading its ravages to a very serious extent in this city, and many families have already been bereaved of their hopes through its malignant influence on the young. At such a juncture it may be readily supposed how eagerly we availed ourselves of the kind offer of a highly skilful medical friend, to supply us with an article from the most approved French Medical authority relative to this scourge of the rising generation. It is a translation of a portion of a paper published in the "Bulletin de l'Académie Royal de Médecine, 1843," and from the pen of Dr. Stievenort, of Valenciennes. The most admirable properties of the following recommendation to parents and others who have the charge of young persons are, first, that the instructions are so simple, and secondly, that they are preventive instead of remedial; and we do earnestly hope that the advice here given may be extensively—universally—carried into operation.]

An epidemic Scarlet Fever ravaged, during the winter of 1840-1, several villages in the neighbourhood of Valenciennes, when Dr. S. was reduced to try the protective properties which Belladonna is said to possess against this disease. The circumstances rendered any trial of this kind of double value as on account of the fatality of the epidemic 30 patients had already died out of 96 seized. In a small village, out of 250 individuals 200 took Belladonna, and were all preserved from the attack of Scarlet Fever; of the 50 others, 14 were seized with the disease, and 4 of them died. At the village of Curgies, Dr. S. administered the Belladonna to the children at the public school, and allowed them to continue at their lessons and have communication with the other children of the village. All of these to whom the Belladonna was administered escaped the Fever, but a few who refused to take it were seized with the disease.

The Belladonna was administered in two forms; in solution and as a powder. Two grains of the recent alcoholic extract were dissolved in an ounce of an aromatic infusion, and of this two drops were given to a child of one year old, daily, for nine or ten days. An additional drop was given for every additional year of age. The largest daily dose was however limited to 12 drops. When the Belladonna was given in the form of powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ a grain of the powder of the root was mixed with a small quantity of sugar and divided into 10 doses—one of these was given, morning and evening, to children of from one to two years of age,—two powders, morning and evening, to those from three to five,—three powders, to those from six to nine,—four to those from 10 to 14,—and five powders to adults. These small doses never produced the poisoning effects of Belladonna, in fact they scarcely ever had any marked action on the animal economy. In five or six cases Dr. S. observed a rash similar to that of measles—and in a few other cases—headache with dilatation of the pupils, dryness of the throat, and slight sore throat, but which had no resemblance to that of *Scarlatina Anginosa*. In all the others no sensible or apparent effect resulted from the administering of the remedy.

Dr. S. generally continued the use of the remedy for from nine to ten days—in some cases it was given for fifteen days. He thinks this period sufficient long to put the system under the influence of the protective powers of the remedy, but recommends to return to it if the epidemic return or break out again with renewed violence.

A few of the recorded instances in which Belladonna has been successfully administered as a prophylaxis are noticed. Bayle, in 1830, published a notice on this subject, by which it appears that of 2027 individuals to whom Belladonna was administered, 1948 were preserved from Scarlet Fever, and 79 were attacked with it. Dusterberg—by means of Belladonna, administered for two weeks—preserved from Scarlet Fever, *all those who took the medicine*. In order to ascertain the real value of the remedy he purposely omitted to administer it to *one* child in every family, and *this child alone*, according to his report, was seized with the disease. He adds, however, that Scarlet Fever occasionally seized a child who had only been taking the remedy for three or four days, but was always in this case mild, and often only manifested its presence by disgramation ensuing.

Zeuch, physician of the Military Hospital for Children, in the Tyrol, after 84 children were seized with the scarlet fever, was induced to try the prophylactic effects of Belladonna on the remaining 61 children. With a single exception all were preserved from its attacks, though the disease was raging around. Schenk, Berndt, Kohler, Meglin, De Lens, and other distinguished physicians, speak in equally high terms of the prophylactic properties of Belladonna.

To the Editor of the Anglo American.

TORONTO, Dec 24, 1843.

Dear Sir,—Since I last wrote you I have visited Port Hope, one of the most beautiful places in point of scenery I have yet seen in Canada. Many of the views make a near approach in wildness of grandeur to the Scottish Highlands. There are some flour mills here, and an excellent stream of water fit for manufacturing purposes, with a good Agricultural country; a little more liberality evinced by the monied capitalists would make this a flourishing town and give energy and enterprise to the inhabitants.

I have now come to the Gotham of Canada West, and if I am to judge from the splendid blocks of buildings erected, and general improvement, within these last two years, it does not seem to have been at all affected by the loss of the seat of Government.

The revenue of this port for the last four months, is upwards of \$80,000, being now a bonded Port, this is nearly three-fourths of what the entire revenue of Upper Canada was for one year previous to the Union; this speaks for itself.

In a former letter I pointed out the benefits to be derived from the introduction of the Ericsson Propellers. I observe that a company is now formed, which intends to run six boats from Toronto to Montreal or Quebec next year,—after the New Ship Canal is finished it is their intention to build a larger class of Propellers for the same route, and the smaller ones to ply principally to the Upper Lakes; this will make a great reduction in freight, and does away altogether with trans-shipment.

The Canada Company have their head office here, and are remarkably liberal to emigrants and others who may wish to purchase good farms; they require no money down, and the simple interest, at 6 per cent. on the purchase, is the yearly rent.

Improved land in some of the best townships can be bought for from \$14 to \$16 per acre in the back country, about \$5 being the average price; unimproved lands from \$1 to \$5, according to proximity to large settlements.

A Mr. Riley has taken out a patent for a New Perpetual Still, which promises to be of immense advantage to distillers; in one of the establishments where it has been introduced I have collected the following particulars:—

It does the work in one-third the time, and the product of spirit is at least seven and a half per cent. greater than by any other still, and less than half of the former fuel is required; the spirit is of a superior quality, and no low wines produced.

The Still is simple in its construction, having neither a Cock nor a Valve, but the one for the admission of steam, and only one-third the usual quantity of water is required for condensing. Spirit of any strength, not exceeding 30 over-proof by Sykes, is obtained at once, and, by once doubling, spirit of 50 over-proof and of a very superior quality is produced.

I have been thus particular in my remarks on this new invention as it is fast superseding all other methods here, and according to the opinion of several eminent distillers, must entirely do away with the old system.

Yours, &c.

LEO.

Literary Notices.

BURNS AND CLARINDA.—*Edited by W. C. M'Lehose.*—New York, Birby & Co.—In publishing the complete life and writings of the "Peasant Bard" of Scotland, the correspondence given in this volume would have supplied a desideratum, and Allan Cunningham tried much to procure it, but the lady resolutely refused to give it. She is now no more, and it is given to the public by her Grandson. The correspondence between Burns and Mrs. M'Lehose was carried on under the names of Sylvander and Clarinda, and was thought by many to have passed beyond the bounds of platonic affection; but it now clearly appears that although both the parties were imbued with the most impassioned feelings, and they bore strong regard to each other, yet their correspondence and their conduct towards each other was pure and intangible by slander. To the letters the editor has added a brief memoir of the lady which both adds to the interest of the publication and clears the whole story of the correspondence. We doubt not that the work will be eagerly read, and that it will become supplementary hereafter to the general works of Burns.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR DECEMBER, 1843.—Republished by Leonard Scott & Co.—The political tendencies of this Review are well known to be virulently radical, yet the papers contained therein are always piquant, and sometimes exceedingly shrewd. The present number containing remarks on "The Opinions of Sir Robert Peel" and others of an interesting nature will

cause it to be read with avidity. The number is well got up by the Publishers, and with great promptness.

THE INEXPEDIENCY OF AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.—By John Campbell. New York: William Dunn.—Mr. Campbell in this little pamphlet has fairly grappled with the advocates of the International Copyright Law, and has fought his way vigorously and manfully; but we do not think that he has quite got the right grasp. He is right in saying that *authors have not any right but through the law*. Without a statute the author must either keep his manuscript for his own private use, or expose it to be copied to any degree that the curious may require. It is by way of encouragement, to a respectable extent, to ingenious and learned men that a certain degree of monopoly is accorded to each of them; for although it be true that the learned philanthropist will propound his wisdom or ingenuity for honour and the desire of benefiting the community, that community in turn should take care not to let its benefactor suffer by his good-will. These two conditions acting and re-acting, should be sufficient, and the mere writer for bread, without any nobler object in view, should be contented to be included in the superior category,—a home protection. As for international copyright, we are fully persuaded its effects would be to interpose a dismal check to the pursuits of literature, and though for a while—a short one too—it might favourably affect the private interests of a few capitalists, it would tend finally to injure authors, publishers, and the progress of knowledge.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

The second Concert of the Philharmonic Society will take place this evening at the Apollo Saloon. The merits of this institution no longer need the eulogium of the Press.

* * We would refer our readers to the advertisement of the New York Vocal Society by which it will be seen that the First Concert has been postponed until next Friday evening, when a high vocal treat may be expected.

SCHOOLS—COURSE OF EDUCATION.

We have a pleasing duty to perform under this head; that, namely, of reporting a public examination of the pupils in the excellent establishment of the Rev. R. Townsend Huddart, at 422 Houston Street. We feel that we may the more confidently speak our sentiments concerning this seat of solid education, from the circumstance that with close interest we have observed all the details of it from its commencement, more than twelve years ago, to the present hour; and we do not scruple to aver that our admiration has always kept pace with our observance of the effects produced under the system of the able Principal.

The examination to which we now allude took place on the 26th ult., and four succeeding days, and consisted of most minute investigations of the progress made by the pupils in the several branches of education to which their attention had been called. One evening of those days was likewise dedicated to displays of elocution, and in all the particulars it is bare justice to assert that parents and visitors seemed highly delighted and satisfied. We may enter briefly into some details. The class in Physiology displayed both great intelligence and extensive information; they were examined by that distinguished physician, Dr. J. W. Francis, who expressed his delight at replies which would have done credit to medical students. In Mathematics, and matters connected with the exact sciences, the pupils demonstrated a very extensive acquaintance, and as for the Classical department, it was, as it has always been, equal to that of any other private establishment in this country. The Professor of Elocution deserves high credit for the manner in which he has trained the pupils of this Institution, not only with regard to intonation, emphasis, delivery, &c., but in curing faults which are too readily taken up by young persons, and especially in the faults of nasal sounds.

There is one point in particular which deserves greatly the attention of parents towards this school, it is the clear distinction made by the Principal in directing the studies of the several pupils according to their future probable destinations, when these can be in a measure ascertained. Thus, that which appertains to commerce is neither hindered nor delayed by that which belongs to Classics, nor do the studies of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Modern languages, the Physical exercises, or the acquirement of external accomplishments interfere with each other, or with general advancement. The Reverend Principal seems to be blessed with ubiquity, for his eye pervades, his judgment directs, and his hand regulates, everything in the establishment. We disdain the thought of an empty parade of encomium on the subject which now occupies us. We are strongly, most strongly, impressed with the value of such a seat of learning and place of education as this to which we now allude, and it gives us both relief and satisfaction to give utterance to our convictions.

We have heard that Mr. Huddart's Institute is likely to be removed into Union Square, where, it is said, that a building is in preparation to be in every way adapted for educational purposes, to have suitable premises for exercise and other accommodation, and where it may be likely to have permanent continuance. By the bye it is matter of surprise that the well-known public spirit of the New York citizens has not ere this led them to the provision of educational conveniences which are almost incompatible with private means. Great good might ensue from such an undertaking.

THE SURPRISE OF VIENNA.

On the evening of the 13th November we arrived at Lintz, the capital of Upper Austria—but at the time I speak of, one vast barrack: thirty-eight thousand troops of all arms were within its walls—not subject to the rigid discipline and regular command of a garrison town, but bivouacking in the open streets and squares; tables were spread in the thoroughfares, at which the divisions, as they arrived, took their places, and after refreshing themselves, moved on to make way for others. The great churches were strewn with

forage, and filled with the horses of the cavalry; there might be seen the lumbering steeds of the cuirassier, eating their corn from the richly-carved box of a confessional; here lay the travel-stained figure of a dragoon, stretched asleep across the steps of the altar; the little chapels, where the foot of the penitent awoke no echo as it passed, now rung with the coarse jest and reckless ribaldry of the soldier; parties caroused in the little sacristies; and the rude chorus of a drinking song now vibrated through the gilded roof, where only the sacred notes of the organ had been heard to peal. The Hotel de Ville was the quartier-general, where the generals of divisions were assembled, and from which the orderlies rode forth at every moment with despatches. The one cry—"forward"—was heard everywhere. They who before had claimed leave for slight wounds or illness, were now seen among their comrades, with bandaged arms and patched faces, eager to press on. Many whose regiments were in advance became incorporated for the time with other corps, and dismounted dragoons were often to be met with, marching with the infantry and mounting guard in turn. Everything bespoke haste. The regiments which arrived at night, frequently moved off before day broke. The cavalry often were provided with fresh horses to press forward, leaving their own for the corps that were to follow. A great flotilla, provided with all the necessaries for an army on the march, moved along the Danube, and accompanied the troops each day; in a word, every expedient was practised which could hasten the movement of the army, justifying the remark so often repeated among the soldiers at the time—"Le petit Caporal makes more use of our legs than our bayonets in this campaign."

On the same evening we arrived, came the news of the surprise of Vienna by Murat. Never was there such joy as this announcement spread through the army. The act itself was one of those daring feats which only such as he could venture on, and, indeed, at first seemed so miraculous, that many refused to credit it. Prince Anersberg, to whom the great bridge of the Danube was intrusted, had prepared everything for its destruction in the event of attack.—The whole line of wood-work was laid with combustibles; trains were set, the matches burning; a strong battery of twelve guns, posted to command the bridge, occupied the height on the right bank, and the Austrian gunners lay, match in hand, beside their pieces: but a word was needed, and the whole work was in a blaze. Such was the state of matters when Sebastiana pushed through the Faubourg of the Leopoldstadt at the head of a strong cavalry detachment, supported by some grenadiers of the guard, and, by Murat's orders, concealed his force among the narrow streets which lead to the bridge from the left bank of the Danube.

This done, Lannes and Murat advanced carelessly along the bridge, which, from the frequent passage of couriers between the two head-quarters, had become a species of promenade, where the officers of either side met to converse on the fortunes of the campaign: dressed simply as officers of the staff, they strolled along till they came actually beneath the Austrian battery, and then entered into conversation with the Austrian officers, assuring them that the armistice was signed, and already peace proclaimed between the two countries. The Austrians, trusting to their story, and much interested by what they heard, descended from the mound, and, joining them, proceeded to walk backwards and forwards along the bridge conversing on the probable consequences of the treaty, when suddenly turning round by chance, as they walked towards the right bank, they saw the head of a grenadier column approaching at the quick step.

The thought of treachery crossed their minds, and one of them rushing to the side of the bridge, called out to the artillerymen to fire. A movement was seen in the battery, the matches were uplifted, when Murat, dashing forward, cried aloud, "Reserve your fire, there is nothing to fear." The same instant the Austrian officers were surrounded; the sappers rushing on the bridge cleared away the combustibles, and cut off the trains; and the cavalry, till now in concealment, pushing forward at a gallop, crossed the bridge, followed by the grenadiers in a run, before the Austrians, who saw their own officers mingled with the French, could decide on what was to be done; while Murat, springing on his horse, dashed onward at the head of the dragoons, and before five minutes had elapsed the battery was stormed, the gunners captured, and Vienna won.

From "Tom Burke of Ours."

For the Anglo American.

THE ENGLISH EMIGRANT'S BUMPER TOAST FOR 1844.

When Beauty first blossom'd on Ocean's lov'd Isle,
Hospitality, Honour, and Truth, bore her train;
And the Genius of Freedom, who guarded the Soil,
Plac'd under her sway, his brave sons of the Main:
Jove smil'd from above—and despatch'd the god Love
'To perfect a union no time e'er should sever;
Then in battle or hurricane this be our toast—
"The Birth-Isle of Beauty—Old England for ever!"

And as Exiles, if heav'n hath ordain'd, we remain;
Let us face ev'ry storm—we are Englishmen still;
The fervour of Friendship shall soothe us in pain,
And Woman's blest purity guard us from ill:
Whilst her beauty and truth form our buckler in youth,
No crime from our hearth-stone her presence shall sever,
But stainless, and fearless, this ever our toast—
"The Birth-Isle of Beauty—Old England for ever."

24 Vandewater street, 1844.

S. S.

Predictions for March.—About the 25th tenants may look for their landlords; but landlords will, some of them, look in vain for their tenants.

Comic Almanac, 1844.

September.—Your grapes will now begin to want looking after. If you do not bag them yourself, and your vine happens to be in an exposed situation, you may expect that some one will come and bag them for you.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—F. C. TUCKER, Esq., President.—The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the First Concert of the above Society is unavoidably postponed till Friday, the 19th January, when it will take place at the Washington Hotel, Broadway. It will consist of Vocal Music, in parts, by about 100 voices, interspersed with Instrumental Music.

For full particulars of which, see small Bills.
Terms to the Society's 4 Concerts, entitling the Subscriber to 3 admissions to each, \$10, with the privilege of purchasing 2 extra to any Concert at \$1.50 each.
Books for Subscriptions are open at the Music Stores of Messrs. Atwill & Co., Messrs. Dubois & Co., Messrs. Stodart & Co., Messrs. Hoyer & Co., and at the Residence of F. W. ROSIER, Sec'y, 94 Prince Street.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second Concert of this Society will take place at the Apollo Rooms, on Saturday evening, January 13. A few more Subscribers can be received.
Terms \$10, four tickets to each concert.
Subscription Book is open at the Treasurer's, Allen Dodworth, 422 Broadway.
Jan. 13-14.

TWILIGHT VISITATIONS.

The soft Day was departing,
But into being bright,
A thousand stars were starting
To gem the robes of Night—
To glitter thro' her trailing hair,
And shed abroad their light.
I saw her dark cheek blushing
At sunset's farewell kiss:
While from her eyes were gushing
The dewy tears of bliss,—
And yet, her chaste lip curl'd in scorn,
At liberty like this.

The crescent moon was shining
Above her forehead high;
Dark shadows were entwining
The portals of the sky—
And countless meteors wildly swept
In glorious beauty by.

The earth below was sleeping,
Secure from pain and care;
And lovely flowers were weeping
Upon the balmy air—
With folded hands, and lifted eyes,
I raised to heaven my prayer.

And so, sweet memories holding
Bright watch upon my way,
And every thought enfolding
With love's delighted ray—
Those dear ones glided to my side,
Whom duty called away!

He comes—our gentle brother—
The good, the kind and true!
And by him stands another,
With eyes serenely blue,
With long, dark braids of shining hair,
Like the rich chesnut's hue;
Our own beloved sister!
Again I see her face.
Oh! sadly we have missed her
From her accustomed place;
And in the lighted festal hall
We find of her—no trace.

Behold! a light is gleaming
Along the Southern skies;
And from amidst its beaming,
An image seems to rise—
The noble brother of our souls,
Has blest our anxious eyes!

And, from the same light breaking,
Our wayward one I see—
Who, from his strange sleep waking,
Turns his sad eyes on me.
Grieve not, young brother, for thy sins
Are all forgiven thee.

'Midst gleams of summer lightning,
'Midst sounds of music free,
'Midst holy star-light brightening
Each blossom on the lea—
The "dark Youth," from his southern home,
Comes sailing o'er the sea!

The midnight hour's advancing,—
They're fading from my view;
Their eyes with pleasure glancing,
Are bidding me adieu;
Farewell! when evening comes again,
Again I'll meet with you!

C. S.

December, 1843.

Varieties.

HYPOCRITE.—"Tis not that the hypocrite despises a good character that he is not one himself, but because he thinks he can purchase it at a cheaper rate than the practice of it, and thus obtain all the applause of a good man by merely pretending to be so.

SUPERSTITION.—In the church of an agricultural parish, within twenty miles of London, there stood, at the dismissal of the congregation a few Sabbaths ago, a poor woman holding a plate. The object was to obtain thirty pence from as many unmarried men, to be exchanged for half a crown, also by an unmarried man: the half-a-crown thus obtained to be carried to a silversmith, and made into a ring, to be worn on one of her fingers, for the purpose of curing her of epileptic fits, to which she had long been subject. This piece of incredible foolery was gone through with the knowledge and approbation of the clergyman!

THE FREE CHURCH.—A lady proposed to an aged Scot that he should shave himself, instead of going twice a week to the barber: he would save twopence, and might give it to the Free Church. "Deed, mem," said Sandy, "I'm ower auld to learn, but I'll tell ye what I'll do; if your minister will come and shave me, I'll gie him the tippence!"

PARLIAMENTARY COINCIDENCE.—"What has passed during the present session?" inquired Queen Elizabeth of the Speaker, after having prorogued the parliament.

"Eleven weeks, may it please your majesty," was the reply.

Were our present most gracious Queen to ask a similar question, the same answer might be made, only varying the number of weeks.

Trinidad.—On the 31st of July, 1498, a mariner, in the squadron of Columbus, beheld the summits of three mountains rising above the horizon. He immediately gave the cry of land, to the great joy of the crew. As the ships drew nearer, it was observed that these mountains were united at the base. Columbus had determined to consecrate the first land he should behold, by giving it the name of the Trinity. The appearance of these three mountains united into one, struck him, as a singular and almost mysterious coincidence, with a solemn feeling of devotion; therefore he gave to this newly discovered island the name of La Trinidad, which it continues to bear at the present day.

Washington Irving.

A Fashionable Prisoner.—Willis in his last epistle to the "Intelligencer," says: "A letter from a literary friend in London informs me that Lady Blessington is suffering from a lethargy, from which she finds it next to impossible to arouse herself for literary labor. The society she lives in draws very exhaustingly upon her powers of attention, and she has been all her life one of those who 'crowd a year's life into a day.'"

My friend adds: "You had some expectation of seeing D'Orsay in America, but he never had any intention of going out. He has been a prisoner for the last two years in Lady Blessington's house, at Kensington. There is an acre or two of garden, as you know, in the rear, shut in with a wall high enough to keep out creditors, and here D'Orsay takes his exercise on horseback. He devotes himself entirely to painting, making portraits of his friends and receiving money for them—in short, making a profession of it. Every Saturday night, at 12 o'clock precisely, his cab is at the door, and he drives to his club, and on Sundays he is to be seen in the Park, driving with Lady Blessington and her two exquisitely beautiful nieces, (the Misses Power)—taking care to be home again, like Cinderella, before 12 o'clock at night. Not long ago, a meeting of his friends took place, and an effort was made to relieve him. They subscribed twenty thousand pounds, which would have given his creditors four shillings in the pound. The proposal was made, and the creditors refused to accept.—The subscription was consequently abandoned."

The Largest Diamond.—No diamond is known to exist as large as that of the King of Portugal, found in the River Abaite, about ninety-two leagues to the north-west of Serro de Frio. The history of its discovery is romantic:—Three Brazilians, Antonio de Souza, Jose Felix Gomes, and Thomas de Souza, were sentenced to perpetual banishment in the wildest part of the interior. Their sentence was a cruel one; but the region of their exile was the richest in the world; every river rolled over a bed of gold; every valley contained inexhaustible mines of diamonds. An impression of this kind enabled these men to support the horrors of their fate; they were constantly sustained by the hope of discovering some rich mine. They wandered about for nearly six years in vain, but fortune was at last propitious. An extensive drought had laid dry the bed of the River Abaite, and here, while working for gold, they discovered a diamond of nearly an ounce in weight. Overwhelmed with joy, they resolved to proceed, at all hazards, to Villa Rica, and trust to the mercy of the crown. The Governor, on beholding the magnitude of the gem, could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. He immediately appointed a commission of the officers of the diamond districts to report on its nature; and on their pronouncing it a real diamond, it was despatched to Lisbon. The sentence of the three "condamnados" was immediately reversed. The value of this celebrated diamond has been estimated by Rome de l'Isle at the enormous sum of three hundred millions sterling. It is uncut, but the late King of Portugal, who had a passion for precious stones, caused a hole to be bored through it, in order to wear it suspended about his neck on gala days.

BOUQUETS.—W. RUSSELL, Florist, &c., Henry-st., near the South Ferry, Brooklyn respectfully informs his friends and the Public, that he can supply them with Bouquets, Cut Flowers, &c., of the best qualities, and at the lowest prices of the Season. Orders left at the Garden, or at Mr. W. Jackson's Bookstore, 177 Broadway, N.Y., will be punctually attended to. Early notice will particularly oblige W. R. Dec. 16,

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

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Do do 2, fine do
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A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale. Nov. 4-ly.

A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum," Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot," "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, No. 6 Ann Street Aug. 19-ly.

THE SECOND ANNUAL BALL of the ALERT BOAT CLUB will be given at Tammany Hall, on Monday Evening, Jan. 29, 1844. Tickets, \$1 each, admitting a Gentleman and Ladies, to be had at Atwill's Music Store, and at Tammany Hall, or from any of the Members. Jan 6-4t.

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WREAKS, No. 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.
REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Venble Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Bunley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Feugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans). Aug. 19-4t.

WEBSTER AND NORTON,
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L. J. Webster,
A. L. Norton,
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Reference.—G. Merle, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y. Aug. 26-4t.

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May 27-3m.